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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

THE DYING MIDDLE CLASS

RECENTLY the *Morning Post*, which is supposed to champion the interests of the upper rather than the middle ranks of society, printed two articles upon the extinction of the latter. Marriages and births have declined markedly among the middle classes, although they have risen among the working people. A family doctor with a large practice among people of moderate means in London says: —

We are rapidly coming to the point when, speaking as to the greater proportion of the population, only those who accept some form or other of charity can afford to have children. Very many professional and middle-class people have been driven from the houses they used to occupy by excessively high taxes, high rents, and higher cost of all forms of service. They were forced into flats and tenements. Flats make a family different. A young married couple of my acquaintance, living in a flat, found that their first infant cost 135 pounds in nursing and home fees on his arrival in this world; and they have to meet new and heavy expenses each month for his care.

Another witness testifies that 'everybody robs the middle class. The Government is the first robber. Minor public authorities follow its lead, and practically every class that has service to sell shows a like rapacity.'

The *Observer* also prints a sensible leader upon this subject, pointing out the fallacy of assuming that the middle class of any section of society has ever been of stable composition. However, there is a new condition which it behooves us to bear in mind.

In replenishing its numbers from the proletariat of the eighteenth century or earlier, the middle class was drawing upon a reservoir of hardy physique, nourished by open-air life and winnowed by all the forces of natural selection. In the lower ranks of the population to-day the existence of the factory has replaced that of the field, and natural selection has been heavily fettered by medical science. The healthy have not the same chance of robustness, and the weaklings are preserved to breed along with them. Everything indicates, indeed, that the poorer stocks multiply the faster, so that the physical average steadily deteriorates, except in so far as that can be counteracted by social policy.

What we have to worry about is neither the decline of the middle class nor the change in its membership; these are old phenomena, even if they are to be witnessed just now in an unusually accentuated form. The real anxiety is the devolving of middle-class responsibilities upon men and women who, through no fault of their own, are without the old physical basis for efficiency.

Little can be expected from a propaganda of increased fertility among the socially established. Transfusion of classes will al-

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ways continue, and the true objective must be the physical improvement of the masses from whom fortune selects individuals for promotion to a rank of greater importance in the community. That is to say, we must grapple more firmly than ever with the social consequences of the Industrial Revolution, which still has its crushing hand upon our national health and vitality. Congestion, impure air, perverse diet, and hygienic ignorance not only injure the industrial class itself, but ultimately impoverish the quality of those other classes into which its blood percolates and whose character it ultimately determines.

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A NOTE ON POLAND

Sir Bernard Pares, who speaks with authority upon Russian and Polish questions, describes in the *Spectator* his impressions of a recent visit to Warsaw. Though very friendly to Poland, he does not think the Polish Government is functioning as yet, and was struck 'with the slovenliness of public organization.' He found the educated classes living under great financial pressure. The difficulties in the way of national unification are immense. 'Three sets of instincts, three sets of legal institutions, three sets of economic conditions have got to be put together and welded into a new whole.' He compares the work of cementing the three divisions of the recently partitioned country to 'reuniting Piedmont to Naples.' He finds equal disunity in party politics.

Korfanty, demagogue son of a Silesian workman, has spent his life fighting the Prussians tooth and nail for Polish nationalism. Dmowski, generally admitted to be much the ablest professional politician in Poland, has used perhaps an even heavier hand in his struggle with the vast but flabby officialism of Russia. Pilsudski, in the ranks of the revolutionaries, has fought all his life for liberty and unity against Austria.

Describing a conversation with Marshal Pilsudski, Sir Bernard says: —

Beneath party politics he sees everywhere in Europe two fundamental facts — extreme tiredness and badly shaken nerves. For Poland he sees at least two great assets. The country has gained so much more than it could dare to hope for, that all are deeply anxious not to risk the recovered unity. Meanwhile the object lesson of Bolshevism — not merely read of, as with us, but beneath the eyes, with all its details of typhus and, far worse, of complete social demoralization — has filled the million of Poles returned from Russia with disgust for the conditions which they have witnessed there, and has produced a general and national reaction toward self-discipline.

However, 'no Pole has expressed to us any reasoned confidence in the present settlement of the territory eastward, by which Poland has diluted herself with almost a half of non-Polish population'; and he continues: —

The map is a glaring contradiction of the ethnographic claim that the Poles put forward up to 1917. The 'historic' claim now substituted, the claim to the frontiers of the old kingdom at its greatest extent, is one which can only rest on historical events and can be upset by them. As it stands, the question must lead sooner or later to a new war. The best that is hoped is that the new Poland will have time to consolidate itself first.

I can see no security for Poland if both Germany and Russia are hostile to her, and at present Germany's hostility is sure and Russia's is more than justified.

Meanwhile, inside, Poland has to deal with her enormous Jewish question. The Jews naturally prefer big units to small ones, and Poles anxiously seek to limit the rights of Jewish initiative, for instance in education, within the narrow boundaries of Poland. In Russia the vengeance for this policy has been something very like Jewish rule. That Polish nationality is one of the toughest in Europe, that the Poles have a culture and a self-discipline of their own, was proved by their struggle in servitude;

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but there is no shutting one's eyes to the difficulties with which they have still to deal.

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IRELAND'S ECONOMIC CRISIS

CIVIL war and political strife in Ireland are now producing the unhappy economic effects that were foreseen to be inevitable. A general commercial collapse has been postponed by the steady support afforded their hard-pressed customers by the banks. But these institutions are now faced by the disquieting fact that farmers have not been able to pay even the interest on their bills and notes to merchants. Consequently cattle prices have fallen to an abnormally low figure, and with them all prospect of profits for the graziers. The export trade, upon which the agricultural interests to a large extent depend, is suffering acutely from dislocation of traffic caused by the blowing-up of bridges and the wrecking of railways by the Irish Irregulars. Tons of butter have become unfit for sale on account of delays in transportation and the absence of cold storage.

Shopkeepers are not taking in enough over their counters to meet their weekly wage-bills. Money is being hoarded and naturally becoming scarcer. The plea of military necessity has been used by the Irregulars to justify even the destruction of some of the most prosperous properties of the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, and in many sections their bands have paralyzed for the time being the work of the coöperatives.

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JAPAN AND INTERNATIONAL LABOR

THE appointment of delegates to the International Labor Conference has always been a source of contention in Japan. The local labor-organizations insist that they should have a voice in the selection of these delegates, but in practice the Government names its own appointees. Furthermore, the mission is not considered a very desirable one; and this year three of the candidates originally nominated declined the honor. Probably the unpopularity of the mission is due partly to the controversies the appointments arouse at home, and partly to the difficulties that face the Japanese delegates at the Conference itself.

Hochi intimates that the Japanese Government is made uneasy by the adverse criticism it receives at home and abroad, on account of its indifference to labor problems and labor legislation, and is extremely anxious that the labor delegate to the coming Conference be an able man who truly represents his class. *Osaka Mainichi*, published in the principal industrial centre of Japan, argues that labor questions are after all domestic. 'As a matter of principle, labor problems ought to be settled by each country without interference by other countries.' However, this does not mean that Japanese labor ought to be content with present conditions. Japanese workers must expect to labor harder and longer than workers in a land like the United States, which possesses a great wealth of natural resources, abundant capital, and a highly evolved industrial system. But if the workingman of Japan must render greater service than his neighbors, so must the Japanese capitalists — though just in what way the writer of this article neglects to say.

Industrial unrest is not allayed apparently by such considerations as these. Discontent is prevalent not only among wage-earners, but also among country workers. According to *Yomiuri*, 'Farm-tenancy disputes are spreading like wildfire.' Within the past four or five years these disturbances — for they are apt to take riotous forms —

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have extended from a single prefecture to a large region in central Japan. They are most common in the neighborhood of important employing centres, where country workers have the option of securing positions in the city, or at least are aware of the higher wages paid in factories and mines. Moreover, a new spirit animates the peasantry: —

In former days the relationship of master and servant marked the relations between the landowner and tenant farmer. The latter was humility itself to the former, in the belief that he lay under heavy obligations to him for being permitted to cultivate his lands. Now the tenant farmers have acquired an entirely different opinion. They are convinced that the landowners are under obligations to them.

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AMERICAN INTERESTS IN CHINA

THE *Weekly Review* of Shanghai continues to discuss the inadequate protection afforded American creditors in China, concluding a recent article upon this subject with the following observation: —

The whole discussion is of vital interest to the Americans who have been doing business with the Chinese railways, for the simple reason that the American interests are the only ones left out in the cold by the breakdown in Chinese operation of railways. The control of Chinese revenues derived from customs and salt, combined with the depositing of these moneys in the European banks, affords an opportunity for protecting vested interests that is not enjoyed by the Americans who came into the field late and have most of their obligations backed only by the good will and faith of the Chinese Government that has largely broken down. Therefore, from the standpoint of the long future, the present breakdown of the Chinese Government is of direct benefit to the European creditors; for it may have the effect of driving the Americans entirely out of the field, providing, of course, that the Americans do not exercise wisdom in protecting themselves, which I assume they will do when they get possession of the facts.

American business developed so rapidly in China at the beginning of the European War that it has naturally suffered from overextension during the present reaction. The journal we have just quoted points out in another issue some of the conditions and unwise practices that have injured our commercial interests in that country, and suggests that American firms doing business in the Orient might profitably combine to employ a business adviser to perform functions somewhat analogous to those at present performed by Judge Landis for professional baseball, and by ex-Secretary Hays for the moving-picture business — to protect their rights and interests, and to maintain their standards of business ethics

Figures for 1921 — the latest at hand — give the number of American firms in China as 412, and the number of Americans domiciled in the country as 8230. There were 703 British firms and 9298 British subjects residing in the Republic that year. Japan, with 6141 firms and nearly 145,000 subjects in China, — presumably including Manchuria, — and Russia, with 1613 firms and over 68,000 subjects, are statistically the leading foreign nationalities represented there. However, British and American enterprises average much larger than those of the Japanese and Russians.

Americans who resided in China during 'the good old days' of low prices would be sadly disappointed were they to resume their residence in that country to-day with their former incomes. House rents have in many cases more than doubled, and a modest tenement now commands over one hundred dollars a month in American currency. A five-room cottage, upon a house lot of

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one sixth of an acre, recently sold at Shanghai for approximately sixteen thousand American dollars. It is pointed out that this is more than is now asked for medium-sized country estates in England.

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'FREE THE FILIPINOS'

UNDER this title *Yorudzo*, an important Tokyo daily, thus describes the sentiment of the Filipino passengers who are met on vessels touching at Japanese ports: —

> There is not a single steamer going from America to Hongkong via Japan that does not carry some Filipino passengers, and there is not a single Filipino among these who does not speak with indignation of the insincerity and injustice of America. The question of the independence of the Philippines is not the sole concern of the Filipinos themselves, but is a matter affecting the vital interests of the East and the South Seas; and therefore we can ill afford to look on it with an unconcerned air, as we might look at a fire on the opposite bank of the river.

After discussing the military aspects of the situation, the history of the Jones Act, and of General Wood's mission to the Islands, this journal makes Secretary Denby's recent speech at Cavite Naval Station the text for the following unfriendly comment: —

> America has the ambitious design to provide a naval base in the islands for the purpose of extending her influence in the East and the South Seas. The Navy Secretary's reference to the remote prospect of independence is clearly indicative of America's intention to retain possession of the islands forever. The poor Filipinos have become the slaves of the Americans after being freed from the tyrannical rule of Spain. America has been in possession of the Philippines for the past twenty-five years, in spite of her fine professions of her advocacy of peace and justice, and has failed to act up to the promises she gave the Filipinos to grant them independence. America's deceptive policy toward the Filipinos exposes her to the censure of the world's public opinion; and we cannot help feeling a profound sympathy with the Filipinos who express high indignation and great resentment at the American attitude.

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MUNICIPAL ENTERPRISE IN TWO HEMISPHERES

THE Governor of the Province of Buenos Aires has requested authority to spend five million pesos upon a municipal stockyard, abattoir, and refrigeration works; two and one half millions for a public-auction market for native products, and a million and one half upon public warehouses for storing such products; half a million for a textile factory; and several millions additional for other enterprises. Altogether the proposed expenditures would exceed five million dollars in American currency. It does not appear likely that these plans will be approved, partly because the proposed establishments would compete with large private enterprises, and partly because the Governor's project contains evidence of hasty preparation and apparently inadequate knowledge of the practical business problems involved.

The Province of Buenos Aires is already heavily in debt. At the close of the last calendar year it owed approximately 429 million pesos, or about 175 million dollars at the present rate of exchange, of which considerably more than one half was due to foreign creditors. It is proposed to borrow five and one half million pounds sterling the present year, though possibly part of the proceeds will be used for refunding a portion of the old debt.

Meanwhile, Glasgow stands out among large cities by the brilliant success of at least one municipal enterprise. Attention is called to this by a

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special pageant held last August to commemorate the semicentenary of its trainway system. The roads were operated by a private company until 1894, when they were bought by the City. Electrification and extension immediately followed, and the municipality set to work to pay the whole cost of purchase and development by means of a sinking fund charged against receipts from operation. Since then the entire cost has been wiped out without any charge upon the taxpayers, and the roads have contributed between seven and eight million dollars in net profits to the city treasury. Presumably a deduction should be made from this sum, in estimating the advantages of municipal operation, for the amount of taxes that a private company would have paid. Fares are practically the same as in other British cities.

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THE NEXT PAN-AMERICAN CONGRESS

NEXT March the fifth Pan-American Congress will be held at Santiago, Chile. Eighteen topics are scheduled for discussion. Some of these relate to trade matters, such as protection of trade-marks and copyrights, improvement of transportation facilities between the member countries, regulation of air traffic and wireless communication, uniform customs and port regulations, uniform classification of merchandise, and uniform passport regulations. Other topics relate to international law, especially the codification of international law and practices. International arbitration is also on the programme.

Proposals will be discussed for the interchange of useful plants and seeds and of agricultural information, including crop statistics and the results of agricultural experiments, among the member nations. Reduction of armaments, an American League of Nations, and measures for combating the use of alcoholic beverages will also be discussed. Among the cultural objects of the Congress will be the preparation of a plan, approved by scholars and investigators, for a uniform system of preserving archæological documents and other data serving as source materials for an accurate and exhaustive history of America.

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MINOR NOTES

A BRITISH War Office Committee has just issued a report summarizing the results of its investigations of shell shock, in which it states that the term 'should be eliminated from official nomenclature.' This does not mean that the maladies hitherto classed under this term do not exist, but that they can be more appropriately pigeonholed under older and long-familiar names. Some cases are due to nervous lesions and are physiologically in the nature of wounds to be classified as battle casualties, and others are cases of psychoneurosis or mental breakdown of a quite distinct character. The report deals with prophylaxis, especially against cases of the latter class, as well as methods of treatment.

A TABLET is to be placed in one of the wards of a London hospital in honor of the Congo Chief, Mandobi, who volunteered, when sleeping sickness appeared among his tribe, to go to England and to submit to all the experiments necessary to determine the cause of this malady and to discover a remedy. For several months he permitted himself to be bled daily in order to supply material for the microscopists. At length the germ of the sleeping sickness was discovered; but almost simultaneously the volunteer subject of these researches paid for that discovery with his life.

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THE BRITISH PRESS

From *Frankfurter Zeitung*, *July* 30, *August* 6
(LIBERAL DAILY)

THERE are 2300 publications registered as newspapers in the United Kingdom. About 180 of these are dailies, and of the latter possibly a dozen are fairly well known abroad. No less than six million copies of various newspapers are sold in London every day. Consequently we are sure to fall into error if we measure the influence and the spirit of the English press by the limited number of journals usually quoted in cable dispatches.

What do these newspapers stand for? How far do they represent important currents of thought and determining tendencies? A modern newspaper is such a costly undertaking that its existence is impossible without solid business support. This commercial aspect is so preponderant, especially in London, that it largely, and often completely, overshadows political considerations. I do not mean that these papers neglect politics, especially domestic politics; but the sound and fury that they bestow on public issues, and whatever influence they may exert on public affairs, have no relation whatever with the real political importance of those issues, or the real sympathies of the owners.

This applies with particular force to the London press, and to the great publishing concerns that have their headquarters in London and print chains of newspapers and magazines covering the whole country. Such newspaper combinations have arisen in various ways. The best-known organization was founded by Lord Northcliffe in 1896, when London newspapers were in a bad way. He started with a capital of less than fifteen thousand pounds, but with an inexhaustible fund of business shrewdness and journalistic genius. His first enterprise was the *Daily Mail*. To-day this Harmsworth syndicate is the largest and the leading press-combination in the country. It includes the *Times*, the *Evening News*, the *Weekly Dispatch*, and several dozen periodicals. The illustrated *Daily Mirror* and the *Sunday Pictorial* belong to Northcliffe's brother, Lord Rothermere, who also controls provincial dailies of secondary importance, such as the *Leeds Mercury* and the *Glasgow Daily Record*. The Harmsworths own extensive tracts of pulp wood and a large paper mill in Newfoundland.

Another typical concern of the same kind is controlled by Sir W. E. Berry. Lord Northcliffe never would admit that this gentleman was a journalist; and in fact, he is first and foremost a business organizer, a founder and buyer of newspapers and allied undertakings. When he was only twenty-two years old he established the *Advertising Record*, and from this modest beginning he has become one of the largest and wealthiest publishers of Great Britain. He owns outright the *Sunday Times*, the *Financial Times*, the *Daily Graphic*, and a number of other publications, and has an interest in the Cardiff *Western Mail*. The Berry family is closely allied with the iron and steel industry, especially with the undertakings that were controlled by Lord Rhondda before his death.

Still another widely ramified group of publications is controlled by Sir Edward Hulton, the son of a printer. He

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owns the illustrated *Daily Sketch*, the *Evening Standard*, and several newspapers in Manchester. Negotiations are rumored to be in progress between Sir Edward Hulton and Lord Beaverbrook, directed toward the amalgamation of the former's publications with Beaverbrook's organs, the *Daily Express* and the *Sunday Express*.

The other leading London papers are owned by wealthy capitalists, but have not shown the same tendency to gather unto themselves smaller enterprises. However, the so-called 'Cocoa Press' of Mr. Cadbury, the famous chocolate-maker, who is a Quaker, includes not only the *Daily News* and the *Evening Star* of London, but half a dozen newspapers in Northern England. Its owner is also interested in other publishing enterprises, like *The Nation and the Athenæum*, and newspapers in Birmingham and Sheffield.

Obviously, therefore, the few well-known journals of opinion in Great Britain are almost lost in a host of publications of a quite different character; and if they are owned by large amalgamations, their relatively small commercial value assigns them a minor rôle among the numerous enterprises of their proprietors. But a still more important factor in the situation is the general lack of desire to make a paper a great political organ. There seems to be no interest in getting at the bottom of problems, and in utilizing to the full the great opportunity that a paper of wide circulation possesses to form broad and accurate opinions and to impress these upon the public. Most of the Harmsworth newspapers, — including the *Daily Mail* and the illustrated dailies with their vast circulation, — the Berry newspapers, all the publications of the Hulton group, and even many of those controlled by Cadbury, make no effort to discuss political questions seriously and on their merits. In the aggregate these papers reach many million readers daily. Compared with their circulation, that of their competitors is almost negligible.

The Northcliffe Press calls itself independent, as did also discredited Horatio Bottomley's *John Bull*. They serve no party. But they are in truth extremely dependent upon the interest of their owner in making a profit. These proprietors seek money, power, and a little reputation. But of these, money is the mightiest. Northcliffe published a pamphlet not long ago ridiculing men who had made their fortunes in the City or in industry, and who bought newspapers later to gratify their vanity or to advance their political ambitions — if they really expected a return on their investment. He probably had in mind Sir John Leigh, a cotton-spinner, rumored to be worth fourteen million pounds, who bought the *Pall Mall Gazette*, as a stepping-stone to a political career. Or perhaps he had in mind Lord Inverforth, the shipping magnate, who spent a million pounds or so upon the *Daily Chronicle;* or Lord Caudrey, who supports the *Westminster Gazette*.

Certainly there are many objections to the practice of a wealthy man's keeping a newspaper as he would a racing-stable, especially if he is silly enough to try to control its editorial policy, instead of leaving the management to a competent man. However, Lord Northcliffe was hardly the one to throw stones; for, although he was a journalist to the bone, he was also a political charlatan in his press. He was largely responsible for the tendency of English newspapers to fall into the hands of money-hungry monopolies, and to become mere machines for quantity production instead of organs of culture and opinion.

The problem of modern newspaper-combinations is to secure the biggest

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circulation possible, with the largest attainable monetary return. Is this more easily accomplished by giving what the public really needs, or by pandering to a vitiated public taste? The second policy has proved more fruitful, possibly because London has a million newspaper-consumers of a highly specialized class. The number of truly educated independent-minded men among them is extremely small.

English newspaper-promoters have studied with marvelous thoroughness and success the man who takes a bus or the tube to the City every morning, and the woman who slaves at her daily task in some narrow cell in smoky and foggy London. They know the people who wish to be entertained and amused during their ten minutes in the underground or on a bus. So they entertain and amuse regardless of all else. Northcliffe was a master of this knowledge of popular psychology. He could boast honestly that he had made the *Daily Mail* a paper whose form and style fitted perfectly the taste of this public. To-day most dailies, from the *Express* down to the *Daily News*, and practically every evening edition in the City, are almost faultless copies of the *Daily Mail*.

To be sure, the standards of the newspapers are probably as high as the standards of their readers. Nevertheless a small group of men in control of a great group of newspapers have thus made themselves despotic masters of their reading public. Their appeal to lower tastes and primitive instincts and opinions — to snap judgments — is so compelling, so systematic, so hypnotic, that better impulses and tastes and maturer judgments and opinions are stifled in their birth. Sport, sensation, scandalous lawsuits, doings of the 'upper ten' are supposed to be the things that interest the people. You are compelled to read about these or nothing. Gigantic headlines fairly bludgeon the trash into your brain.

How can we liberate ourselves from this obsession? The 'stunt editor' provides in every number something fresh, exciting, or amusing to stimulate the nerves and fancies of his customers. The sport editor knows all the details, has all the tips, and 'puts you wise' to all tricks.

Northcliffe was the man who discovered that there is something more important for a newspaper than the male reader — namely, his wife, sister, or daughter. They are the regular subscribers. They cast the final ballot. This discovery proved a gold mine. A little sheet that costs the publisher almost nothing, but is devoured by every cook and chambermaid in the Kingdom, is one of the best revenue-producers his company owns. There is not a group of people, a vocation, or a period of life, for which these great enterprises do not provide a special publication. They are all nonpolitical, but every one of them has thousands of opportunities to drop political and class suggestions into unsuspecting minds. The foreign political stunt has played a great rôle since the war. Many of these special sheets carry brief and brilliantly written political paragraphs, only a few lines long, that are capable of arousing a wave of resentment against a Cabinet, against a Premier, or against any party or measure they desire to attack. Well-selected articles by well-known authorities — or at least signed with the names of well-known people — add a last touch of sobriety and sincerity to the impression thus created.

Some newspapers aim at a gigantic circulation. Within two years the *Daily Mail* has added nearly a million to its subscribers. Its circulation, including the Paris edition, is now a million and three quarters, and there is every prospect that it will touch two

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millions the coming year. The *Sunday Pictorial* has already reached the latter figure. Until Horatio Bottomley's conviction, his *John Bull*, and another weekly, the *News of the World*, each had a circulation of more than three millions. The *Daily Mirror*, the *Daily Sketch*, and most of the London evening-papers also publish enormous editions.

So far as such papers discuss politics at all, they merely cater to the public taste of the moment, and they show marvelous skill in anticipating the direction in which popular fancy is likely to veer. But they do not hold their readers solely by flattering their judgment. Technically they are excellent publications, containing terse and well-written accounts of what is going on all over the world. Most of their readers skip political articles anyway, but that matters less than one might think, because political suggestion permeates all these journals. Furthermore, it is most difficult to draw a line between propagating opinion and subserving existing opinion. In any case, the publisher never lets political interests interfere with business interests. The political opposition of a journal does not endanger a Cabinet, unless the people are already back of that journal's position. Northcliffe might venture to advocate his personal policy toward France without losing readers, but had he presumed to attack the Government's course on certain other questions, his dwindling circulation would soon have brought him to a halt.

Altogether, therefore, the political influence of great publishers is by no means so great as it seems. The blatant sensational press is not so dangerous as might appear. Lloyd George has fought out his policy successfully since the war, against the bitter open opposition of the Northcliffe, the Rothermere, and the Bottomley Presses combined. That is significant. The political reputation of such newspapers both at home and abroad vastly outmeasures their actual influence.

Are there any newspapers, then, in Great Britain that actually make public opinion? We can narrow down the possibilities very rapidly. In the first place we can exclude offhand the London evening-papers. They merely report the incidents of the day. Until early last year, the *Westminster Gazette* was an evening political organ, but since then it has been published in the morning. Hulton's *Evening Standard* has a historical name, but it no longer preserves the tradition for which it stood fifty years ago. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, the child of Thackeray, originally 'written by gentlemen for gentlemen,' has lost during its many changes of ownership not only its Greek headlines, but also the political poise that Beaconsfield so much admired. Possibly it is entering upon a new era. Anyway, it has a wealthy and ambitious backer.

So we need consider only the morning papers. The *Times*, during its one hundred and thirty years of existence, and particularly under the editorship of the courageous, enterprising, and clear-headed John Walters, won an international reputation that has survived Northcliffe's brief control. This paper occupies a peculiar place in the group of publications to which it belongs. It is still a political organ, but its influence is not one tenth what it used to be, partly because of Northcliffe's interference, and partly because of Steed's capricousness. Its power waned rapidly after it was made to serve Northcliffe's personal vendetta against Lloyd George. Thinking Englishmen have a sensitive appreciation of the 'unserious' spirit shown by the *Times* since the day it descended to these trivialities, and so they condemn the whole policy of

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the paper. Of late the foreign policies championed by this journal have been so obviously contrary to Great Britain's economic interests that it has sacrificed much of its former authority in commercial, industrial, and financial circles. Those members of Parliament who read it at their clubs are too well informed regarding England's business interests, and too close to Lloyd George personally, to be attracted by the *Times* of to-day.

The result is that this journal, though it still remains a marvel of newspaper technique, with unsurpassed news-service and foreign correspondence, exerts a relatively limited political influence; although it even now has a wide circulation abroad, and it is to be found in every public office, bank, business house, editorial room, and club — in short, in every place where politics are made or discussed — in the United Kingdom. It has never been a journal appealing to the masses. Although it has many subscribers who are more or less compelled to read it for business reasons, its circulation has been of late only a little more than 100,000. When Northcliffe cut the price in half, making it penny-ha'penny, the reduction brought him only 70,000 new subscribers.

It is a remarkable fact that the *Times* has the smallest circulation of any political organ in London, with the possible exception of the *Morning Post*. *The Daily Chronicle* reaches more than a million. Next follow the *Daily Telegraph* and the *Daily News*, the latter with somewhat less than half a million. Even the *Westminster Gazette* and the Labor paper, the *Daily Herald*, which leads a struggling existence and is much too expensive for its readers, have a considerably larger circulation than the *Times*.

Northcliffe himself considered Lord Beaverbrook, the owner of the *Daily Express*, the most important of London's press magnates. That might almost count against the latter. Indeed, Beaverbrook resembles Northcliffe in many ways. He is a shrewd business man and an energetic worker, who has spent most of his life in Canada and is comparatively a newcomer in the London newspaper-field. His papers belong to the sensational class. But this shrewd and still youthful Canadian is something more than a mere newspaper-owner. He is a man of considerable political weight and influence. He is listened to and deserves a hearing.

Beaverbrook vigorously defended Lord Lansdowne's peace policy during the war. To-day he advocates splendid isolation for Great Britain and German bankruptcy. But he rather stands alone in his opinions. He champions the revision of the Versailles Treaty and maintains cordial relations with Lloyd George. He is fond of affecting the rôle of a man who owes his success to good fortune, and he is generous in advising others how to succeed. In fact, there is something patriarchal and pedagogic in his manner. He has already shown qualities that make him a man to be reckoned with, especially since Northcliffe has left the field. According to rumor, he is already heavily interested in the *Daily Mail*.

The other political organs of Great Britain are not associated, to the same extent as those previously mentioned, with dictatorial personalities; instead of this, they represent definite principles familiar to the British public. They are also allied closely with political parties. At the same time, overclose relations and financial dependence upon political parties or the Cabinet are not approved by English taste. These journals are generally old family properties.

The *Morning Post* is the veteran of this group. It is a journal with a great past. For nearly three quarters of a

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century it has been the property of the Borthwicks, a family belonging to the best society, who have made the paper the organ of the Conservative and Imperialist class. The Borthwicks have risen to a peerage, but the male line has died out; Countess Bathhurst now controls the destiny of this militant English daily. She manages the paper personally with the help of two men assistants. Among the directors is a stern old Tory, General Sir Ivor Maxse.

The idea that the *Morning Post* is the organ of the Court is an illusion confined to guide books for foreigners. Nevertheless, a newspaper edited by a lady of an old and noble family, in this land of snobs, and especially a journal so unquestionably Conservative, is regarded as the organ of the aristocracy, even though it does not make a feature of Court and Society items. Its news service is comprehensive, it is technically of the first rank, and its market reports are equal to the best; but its political articles are sometimes grotesque, and surprisingly coarse and violent, especially for a newspaper controlled by a lady. It is the only outspoken anti-Semitic daily in England. But the very extravagance of its judgments, and its free and easy way of handling subjects, make it perhaps the most original and amusing newspaper in the country. It stands solidly for a powerful and influential class. It performs a service, and knows how to revise its opinions occasionally, as its changed attitude on the reparations question shows. It is not a paper read by the masses, but by a limited and exclusive circle.

The influence of the *Morning Post* is probably greater than that of the *Daily Telegraph* which, like the former, endorses the Coalition's policy, and represents the moderate Conservatives, with a strong infusion of Imperialist and Francophile spirit. Lord Burnham, its owner, belongs, like all the other press Lords and Baronets except Countess Bathhurst, to a group who acquired their present titles during or since the war. Within four years no less than forty-eight newspaper-owners have been raised to the nobility or given analogous distinctions. Lord Burnham is always present when there is a toast for France to be delivered, but otherwise he does not interfere with the editorial management of his paper. His journal is a serious organ that does not seek to be sensational, but provides its readers with an almost overwhelming wealth of excellent reading-matter, especially on diplomatic questions. Indeed, the *Telegraph* might be regarded as a source of material for special studies, rather than a political organ or a purely profit-making journal.

However, the most typical representatives of the Conservative press are not printed in London, but in the provinces. They are too dull, rather than too sensational, and it is no wonder that they remain almost unknown to London readers. The best of these, the *Yorkshire Post*, is a decidedly prosy journal in form, technique, and style. Of late it has shown a disposition to support the extreme Conservatives or 'Die-Hards,' but in general it is rather moderate politically. Next to this come the *Glasgow Herald*, a commercial and financial journal of Conservative tendencies, and the *Birmingham Post*, which follows the traditional policy of the Chamberlain family. The *Scotsman* probably ranks next, though it is separated from these leaders by a broad interval. British provincial papers have a wide circulation, and must be considered in gauging the public opinion of the country.

English Liberalism is suffering at present from the split in the Party, which reproduces itself in its press. Some of its journals have gone over to

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the Coalition; others are among the bitterest enemies of the present Government; while still others are groping toward a new and as yet unformulated future. Lloyd George has a strong press-backing, especially in the country. He always had a shrewd appreciation of the value of such allies, and has organized a sturdy corps of champions to oppose the Northcliffe-Bottomley alliance. In London the *Daily Chronicle* is his most vigorous defender. This is a comparatively young paper, which started out as a local journal and has developed, under the control of E. Lloyd, into a great metropolitan daily of the typical London type. H. W. Massingham gives it a literary tone. It has always been a champion of Liberal doctrine, and has a wide circle of readers. To-day it belongs to the group of English papers that is fighting for a pacifist policy abroad and free trade at home. The editor of the *Chronicle* is H. Sidebotham. Its circulation is confined largely to London. Its exceptional staff gives it a certain title to leadership, and at the same time it enjoys a wide popularity among the masses.

Lord Inverforth — Andrew Weir, the well-known shipowner — finances the journal. This gentleman is strictly a business man, who entered public life during the war as Minister of Munitions. He is not ambitious for a political career, or deeply interested in political matters, and leaves the management of the *Chronicle* entirely in the hands of its editors.

The oldest Liberal paper in England is the *Daily News*. Charles Dickens was its first editor. For a long time it was a magnet for men who knew how to write and had something to say. Its golden age is past, and many attribute its decline to its present owner. Nevertheless, it remains a popular paper, especially in circles that stand close to the Liberal movement. There are able men upon its staff, and it is the principal British champion of the League of Nations. But many Liberals regard the future of this daily with concern, especially since its present proprietor, Mr. Cadbury, a man who lacks pliancy and humor, has dispensed with the services of his gifted and esteemed editor, A. G. Gardiner. This paper has lost credit likewise with the cooling enthusiasm in England for the League.

The *Westminster Gazette* is a more or less official organ of the 'Wee Frees' or Independent Liberals, the followers of Asquith and Lord Grey. It is now passing through a transitional stage, due to its change from an evening to a morning paper, and has, so to speak, a new position to conquer for itself. Lord Cowdray, its principal owner, aspires to make it the leading morning-paper of London. He has not yet succeeded, and meanwhile he has sacrificed the honorable though somewhat academic position held by the old *Westminster* among evening dailies. Furthermore, J. A. Spender, the ablest man on its staff, has withdrawn from active management since the change. A paper of this type is not so likely to thrive when it represents an Opposition as when it espouses a positive and popular programme. Lord Cowdray is the financial backer of the Asquith-Grey campaign, although he is neither a politician nor a journalist, but a self-made British manufacturer.

No other journal, however, rivals the unique position of the *Manchester Guardian* as the leading Liberal organ in Great Britain. That journal has never been the slave of a party, nor has it been reduced, like most of the great London dailies, to serving purely monetary ends. It is the spokesman and the inspirer of the spontaneous Liberalism of the British nation. It recognizes no dogmas and no party fetish. It

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checks its ideals by actualities. Just now it generally supports Lloyd George, hoping thereby to further the progress of radical Liberalism. The *Guardian* is a journal of broad general interests, but avoids sensationalism. It thrives in the free atmosphere of industrial Lancashire, and probably could not preserve its characteristic poise and measure in London.

In judging the influence of this journal one should not be deluded by its relatively small circulation. Its price and its location prevent its having the immense sale of some of the great metropolitan newspapers, but its political influence is very great. Respect for knowledge, experience, and culture is one of an Englishman's most excellent qualities. In case of the *Guardian*, this respect is enhanced by popular regard for the venerable owner and editor, Mr. Scott, a man who has possessed the faculty of rearing, or gathering to himself, a whole school of able young disciples. Many of these, to be sure, eventually find positions elsewhere — journalists move about more in Great Britain than in Germany — but they take with them the *Manchester Guardian* tradition, and have retained their intimate personal relations with their old master. Massingham, the editor of the *Nation*, Sidebotham and Hamilton of the *Chronicle*, F. Hirst, the former editor of *Common Sense*, and many others are graduates of this school. Scott's influence is also manifest in the *New Statesman*. He is a real power in British journalism.

One searches in vain for a real representative Labor press in England, although there are twelve million workers, mostly trade-unionists, in that country. The *Daily Herald*, which aspires to this position, is in the hands of men unfitted for their task. To be sure, the *Herald* cannot be utterly overlooked; but it does not voice the real sentiment of Labor. George Lansbury, its chief editor, is regarded by many people as a crank. The paper is still in a plastic stage, where it is likely to undergo radical transformations. The great labor-unions have a host of special publications that receive their dispatches from the 'Labor News Service,' but they do not fill the place of a first-class daily.

This absence of an aggressive political Labor press, and a certain lack of virility in most of the Liberal organs, leaves advanced opinion in Great Britain without adequate newspaper channels of expression. A number of weeklies and monthlies help to fill this gap. The Labor cause is vigorously represented by the *New Statesman*, by the recently founded *Labor Monthly*, and by *Foreign Affairs*. *The Nation and the Athenæum*, edited by Massingham, is known the world over. The *Spectator* represents moderate Conservatism. Some Sunday papers also hold an honorable rank among British journals and exercise an appreciable influence through their wide circulation. The oldest and the most important of these is the *Observer*. Under Garvin's editorship it has acquired great popularity, and is an excellent example of the best all-round type of English newspaper. The bitter personal attacks upon Lloyd George, especially by the Northcliffe Press, have made Garvin a more generous supporter of the Premier's policies than was altogether desirable from a strictly newspaper point of view. Next to the *Observer*, in this class of journals, comes the *Sunday Times*, which politically represents about the same tendencies as its colleague.

To summarize the situation in a word, the sensational and profit-seeking press beclouds the journalist world of England. Beneath this fog mantle, however, there survive many newspapers that are true organs of public

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opinion and are creative forces in political affairs. As a rule these newspapers are moderately Conservative. The tendency toward vast press-monopolies is a powerful one, and is still in the ascendant. These great aggregations threaten to tyrannize public opinion, and thus to make themselves the dictators of an ostensibly democratic state. The danger is lessened, however, by the fact that England's press millionaires are not primarily interested in politics, and possess little capacity for public affairs. Meanwhile, the number of honest and earnest political writers associated with the English press is very large; and if the Liberal and Labor Parties come into power, the influence of such men is likely to become even greater than it is at present.

HOW LENIN CAME TO RUSSIA

BY NIKOLAS SUCHANOV

[*The following article is somewhat abbreviated from a chapter of the author's six-volume work,* Notes on the Russian Revolution. *N. Suchanov was, for a time, a member of the Zimmerwald Socialist group in Switzerland, with which Lenin and other Bolshevist leaders were associated; but he later became alienated from both the Social-Revolutionary and the Bolshevist wings of the party.*]

From *Die Neue Rundschau, July*
(Berlin Liberal Monthly)

The crowd before the Finland Railway Station filled the whole square, stopping traffic and scarcely permitting a street car to pass. A magnificent gold-embroidered banner stood out among the forest of red flags that fluttered above the throng. It bore the legend of the Bolsheviki: 'Central Committee of the Russian Social-Democratic Party.' Soldiers, also under red banners, took their position at the side entrance of the building, where the former imperial waiting-room was situated.

Numerous automobiles were humming and chugging. Two or three great tanks reared their ugly forms above the bystanders. Some unknown mechanical monster suddenly emerged from a side street, frightening and separating the crowd. It was a mounted searchlight that began to play a brilliant beam upon the deep surrounding darkness, conjuring up, as if by magic, the living city with its many-storied houses, telegraph poles, clustering wires, street cars, and human figures.

Various delegations arrived and took position before the 'parade entrance' of the station. They did not succeed in getting into the building proper, and indeed were fully occupied keeping their formation intact and defending their places from the common crowd. The train bearing Lenin was due at eleven o'clock.

I walked down the platform. Here things were even more impressive than in the square without. Troops were drawn up along its whole length, ready to present arms at command. Every

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few feet red flags were fluttering, and improvised arches in red and gold had been erected. My glance wandered bewildered among countless mottoes of welcome and revolutionary inscriptions of every kind. At the end of the platform where the car bringing Lenin would halt, was an orchestra, and also a group of representatives of the Central Bolshevist organization with flowers in their hands.

Clearly the Bolsheviki, who have always understood how to put their best foot forward and to throw dust in the eyes of others, were preparing, without excessive modesty or fear of exaggeration, a great triumph for their leader. Moreover, they had a particular reason for making Lenin appear a great hero to the Petrograd masses. He had come to Russia through Germany, in a sealed car, thanks to the special favor of an enemy Government. No matter how much they protested that Lenin had been forced to take this route because of the hostility of the Allied Governments and, above all, because of the hostility of the so-called Revolutionary Government of Russia itself, it was certain that the bourgeoisie and their adherents would make all the political capital possible out of Germany's concession to Lenin. So it was all-important to counteract such propaganda at the outset by a big demonstration.

And indeed, Lenin did not have any other way to get to Russia. The very day after Lenin's arrival, April 4, 1917, a telegram reached the Executive Committee from Zurabov, a former member of the second Duma, then in exile, worded as follows: —

Minister Milyukov has sent two circular orders to Russian consuls forbidding them to issue visés to exiles who are subject to special international control. All efforts to pass through England and France are therefore fruitless. The French press is demanding that no one who does not endorse Plechanov's platform shall be permitted to pass through.

This telegram was promptly published. Milyukov immediately denied through the newspapers that such circular orders had been issued. But he did confirm the existence of 'an international control,' which involved an understanding with the Allies concerning the passage of emigrants through their territories. Zurabov then stated in the press that he had personally seen Milyukov's dispatch at the Copenhagen Embassy, and he made the matter the subject of a public interpellation when Milyukov refused to answer.

When news was received that the first trainload of exiles was coming through Germany, it caused great concern to the members of the Bolshevist Executive Committee. Many thought it a great blunder. But only a few condemned it without qualification; and although Lenin himself was the only person implicated at the outset, the Committee, fully apprised of the dangerous possibilities of the situation, did not hesitate a moment to endorse the whole 'sealed car' plan, to rally to the support of their comrade, and to attack vigorously the Government's effort to keep the exiles from returning to Russia. Several of us talked this thing over during our weary waiting in the 'Tsar's Room' at the railway station. Indeed, we spent a tedious interval there, for the train was very late.

Finally, however, it arrived. The orchestra on the platform struck up the Marseillaise, and there was tremendous cheering. We stood in the Tsar's Room, while the leading Bolsheviki greeted the newcomer at the train itself. Then a procession was formed. The party marched down the platform under the impromptu triumphal

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arches, to the sound of music, and filed out between rows of cheering workingmen and troops presenting arms.

We took our positions in the centre of the Tsar's Room, ready for the reception. It was a momentous occasion, beyond the power of my humble pen to describe. First appeared a good trade-unionist leader, in the rôle of master of ceremonies, just like a police officer of the good old times announcing the arrival of the governor. Without the slightest occasion for it, he shouted officiously: 'Comrades, permit me! Make room, comrades! Permit me, permit me!' Behind him, at the head of a small group of men, Lenin stepped, or rather ran, into the imperial waiting-room. His face was stolid; he had a round derby on his head and a great wreath of flowers in his hand. Bustling forward to the centre of the room, he stopped before our committee as if it were some unexpected obstacle. Our leader was Tsheidze, a Georgian, who was Chairman of the Petrograd Workers' Council, and a melancholy sort of character. He delivered the following address of welcome, not in the formal manner appropriate for such occasions, but rather as if he were bestowing upon the newcomer a moral admonition:—

Comrade Lenin! In the name of the Petrograd Soviet of the Workers' and Soldiers' Deputies, and the whole Revolution, we welcome you to Russia. However, we are of the opinion that the principal task facing the revolutionary democracy in this period of crisis is the protection of our Revolution from every threat, both from within and from without. We are of the opinion that this object will best be attained, not by division among ourselves, but by closing solidly together the ranks of the whole social democracy, and we hope that you will join with us in this common object.

When Tsheidze ceased speaking I was, personally, astonished. How was this welcome, with its startling 'however' in the middle, to be taken? But Lenin had apparently been put on his guard and knew just how to act. He stood there as if the whole thing did not affect him in the slightest, looked around, glanced at the faces of the people about him and then up at the ceiling of the imperial waiting-room, shifted his great wreath of flowers, — which did not harmonize particularly with his appearance, — turned his back upon the delegation of the Executive Committee, and answered as follows: —

Beloved comrades, soldiers, sailors, and workmen! I am happy to greet in you the victorious Russian Revolution, the vanguard of the proletarian world-army. The predatory imperial war is the beginning of a civil war throughout Europe. The hour is not distant when the peoples of the world, at the summons of our comrade Karl Liebknecht, will turn their weapons against their exploiters, the capitalists. In Germany all is in a ferment. Not to-day, but to-morrow, any day, the collapse of European capitalism may be upon us. The revolution you have wrought has shaken world capitalism to the foundation and opened a new epoch. Long live the socialist world-revolution!

This not only failed to answer Tsheidze's speech of welcome; it was not even an approving echo of the Russian Revolution already accomplished, as that revolution was conceived by all those, without distinction of party, who had witnessed it and taken part in it. A curious situation indeed! We had been laboring day and night, utterly absorbed in the daily tasks of the Revolution and the imperative exigencies of the moment, which do not always find a prominent place in the pages of history. Now we felt as though a blinding light from without was suddenly flashed before our faces, distorting all our recent experiences into fantastic shapes. Lenin's voice, from the mo-

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ment we heard it in the railway car, was a 'voice from without,' a new and more strident sound piercing our ears.

This finished the official and public part of the reception. Already the multitude in the square was making vigorous efforts to push through the glass doors of the railway station. The mob shouted and roughly ordered the new arrivals to come out and show themselves. So our impromptu master of ceremonies began to shout again: 'Permit me, comrades! Make way! Give us room!'

Again the bands struck up the Marseillaise, cheers rose from thousands of throats, and Lenin emerged from the entrance, surrounded by red-and-gold embroidered banners and illumined by the searchlight. He entered an automobile that stood in waiting, but the public protested vigorously. Lenin must mount on its roof and make a speech. I caught a fragment of a sentence now and then: ' . . . part in the shameful imperialistic slaughter . . . with deceit and lying . . . Capitalist robbers! . . .' Then, if I remember rightly, Lenin had to mount a tank and speak again; finally, preceded by the searchlight and accompanied by the band, the working people, the soldiers, and an immense crowd of mere spectators, this vehicle lumbered forward toward Petrograd, to the former palace of the dancer Kshesinskaya, now the headquarters of the Bolsheviki. At almost every street-crossing Lenin held forth from the top of the tank, addressing his exhortations to a new crowd each time; consequently the procession advanced at a snail's pace. Altogether, it was a brilliant reception, a veritable triumph, a symbol of coming things.

When I reached the street in front of the Kshesinskaya house, it was packed with people whom Lenin was addressing, in a voice already hoarse, from an upper balcony. I stood near a company of soldiers who had escorted the procession along the entire route. From the balcony we heard: ' . . . capitalist robbers . . . extermination of the people of Europe for the benefit of a few exploiters . . . Defending your firesides means . . . defending the capitalists against other capitalists! . . .'

A voice from the midst of the military escort growled: 'We ought to let daylight through him for that! . . . What is it he is saying? . . . Listen to that! . . . If he just came down here, we 'd show him what 's what. . . . We 'd show him. . . . That 's why the Germans let him . . . Ah, we ought to . . .'

I don't know why they did n't 'show him what 's what' when he spoke from a more accessible point. I hardly think they would have 'shown him what's what' if he had been down among them. But their remarks were interesting none the less.

Quite unexpectedly, I found myself in front of the main entrance of the building, where a Bolshevist workman was sternly and energetically sifting from a throng of applicants the few favored ones who were to be admitted. When he spied me, he let me in, in fact invited me to enter. I found only a few inside; obviously the crowd had been thoroughly sifted. The Bolshevist leaders whom I met in Kshesinskaya's apartments were very hospitable. I still feel grateful to them for the impressions I brought back on that night of April 3, 1917.

The former apartments of the famous dancer looked rather barren. The beautiful ceilings and walls contrasted oddly with the scanty furniture, the rude tables, chairs, and benches which had been brought in for office use by the new occupants. Kshesinskaya's belongings had been carried off, except for an occasional article that had been

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apparently overlooked — magnificent plants, and here and there an artistic piece of furniture or an ornament.

In the dining-room above, tea and breakfast were being served. I was invited to join the party. The fare was neither better nor worse than usual at the Executive Committee. A curious combination of ceremoniousness and jubilant satisfaction characterized this first meal of the Bolsheviki with their chief. They showed him most remarkable reverence.

Lenin was not in the dining-room when I entered, having been called to the balcony again to make another speech. I started out also to listen, but met him coming back. When I mentioned my name he greeted me in an excited and vivacious way, but very cordially: 'Ah, ah, Himmer-Suchanov, awfully glad to see you! We have disputed a little over the land question. You know, I have kept track of your break with the Social Revolutionaries. Then you joined the Internationalists. I got your pamphlets.'

Lenin smiled, half-closing his twinkling eyes and shaking his head, and led me back into the dining-room. We sat side by side at the table and continued our conversation, discussing problems of the moment. Lenin laughed in his characteristic, rather harsh and rough way, and attacked the Executive Committee without mincing words. He paid his compliments to 'revolutionary patriotism,' and particularly to the leaders Zeretelli and Tsheidze, and Steklov. I defended them. But Lenin would have none of it and called Steklov an outright 'social lackey.' However, our debate was soon interrupted by the jealous acolytes of the great master.

Kamenev shouted from the other end of the table: 'Nikolai Nikolaevich, that will do! You can talk that over some other time. You are robbing us of Ilyich.'

Our breakfast was a short one. We were told that some two hundred members of the Party were down below, waiting for an interview. And indeed, when we descended to the former drawing-room, we found a large company already gathered there. It consisted mostly of workingmen, professional revolutionaries, and young girls. There were not enough chairs for everybody, and half of the people were either standing about uncomfortably or sitting on tables. Someone was elected chairman, and speeches of welcome started. This was rather monotonous, though every now and then some curious trait of Bolshevist Party life would come to the surface. I realized at once that the whole Bolshevist movement was held together solely by the steel bonds of its intellectual centre abroad. Finally the reports and speeches of welcome were over. Then the glorified Grand Master of the Order rose to reply.

I shall never forget the way he thundered at them — the way he struck out unsparingly right and left, not only against myself, the heretic who accidentally was present, but also against all orthodox Socialists. Let me emphasize that no one expected anything like this. It was as if the elements had been let loose and a relentless spirit of destruction that knows no obstacles, no hesitation, no human difficulties, no commands of prudence, was raging through Kshesinskaya's drawing-room, over the heads of these entranced disciples.

Lenin is a good talker — not an orator with rotund, resounding periods, vivid metaphors, appealing pathos, or witty repartee, but a speaker of immense aggressive force, with a keen power of analysis that dissects before the eyes of his listeners the most complicated programmes and problems into their simplest and most rudimentary elements. He hammers his facts into

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the heads of his listeners over and over again, until his hearers are almost reduced to unconsciousness, until they are helpless and hypnotized.

On later occasions, when I listened to Lenin as the head of the Government, I almost regretted that the earlier speaker, the brilliant, irresponsible agitator and demagogue, had disappeared. Time transformed Lenin from a rebel to a defender of authority, and during this period of superhuman toil his gifts as an impressive speaker vanished. He became shallow and trivial; his speeches thinned out to endless variations of the same theme. But all that came later, under the weight of responsibility. At the time of which I am speaking Lenin still possessed the power of shaking the souls of men by the force of his words, by his powerful oratory. He talked for nearly two hours. Naturally he began with the great world-revolution that he predicted as imminent. He scored the 'peace policy' of the Soviets, and repudiated it utterly. He demanded that the local Soviets should have supreme authority, which was tantamount to repudiating the State.

When he, who hitherto had been known as a Social Democrat, launched forth this formula, not only did he astound people like myself, but he produced no little confusion and bewilderment in the minds of the better-educated of his disciples. Then he proceeded to discuss the land question, advocating 'organized expropriation' at once, without waiting for a more favorable opportunity, without delaying for the Government to act. Finally he thundered his denunciations a second time against the Socialists. The Socialism of to-day was the worst enemy of the proletariat. The very name 'Social Democrat' was defiled by treason. Without a moment's delay the people must overthrow this idol of social democracy, with its feet of clay. They must cast aside this 'dirty linen,' and support the Communist Party.

At length Lenin finished. He had said much during these two hours. It was an astounding speech, both as to form and content. But it lacked one thing, as I saw instantly — and that a very significant thing. It lacked an analysis of the objective prerequisites of Socialism in Russia. It also lacked any hint of an economic programme.

Long-continued and enthusiastic applause greeted Lenin when he concluded. The countenances of most of his disciples were radiant with rapture and unclouded by the shadow of a doubt. Happy, harmless fellows! But the more intelligent ones stared fixedly during the applause at some point in the distance, or gazed confusedly around them with unobserving eyes, thus betraying their utter bewilderment.

Their master had given the students of Marx a hard nut to crack. I looked sharply at Kamenev, who only three days ago had been 'overjoyed' to coöperate with Zeretelli in favor of united action. When I asked him what he thought of this, he answered evasively: 'Just wait.'

I, the heretic, turned to a second and a third of the orthodox Socialists present. I wanted to find out what it all meant. But they only smirked, shook their heads, and did not know what to say. So far as I can recall, no one spoke after Lenin. In any case, no one opposed his views, and there was no debate upon what he said. I left the building and walked down the street feeling as if my head had been beaten with a flail.

Only one thing was clear to me: Lenin and I would henceforth follow different paths. I inhaled with delight a deep breath of fresh spring air. It was a glorious sunny morning.

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CUBA AND THE UNITED STATES

BY LOUIS MARINO PEREZ

[*This article is the substance of an address delivered by the author before the Cuban Society of International Law.*]

From *Cuba Contemporanea, April*
(HAVANA POLITICAL AND LITERARY REVIEW)

CUBA'S foreign and domestic policies are governed very largely to-day by the economic policy of the United States. We are now involved in a severe crisis, when a clear and frank discussion of this interdependence is imperative. An immediate clarification and settlement of economic relations between the United States and Cuba would constitute a great and decisive step forward toward the solution of our own economic problems, and would vastly improve our political conditions at home and our relations with other countries.

In order to comprehend the nature and importance of the economic ties between Cuba and the United States, it is well to enumerate at the outset the latter country's business interests in Cuba, the conditions that force our country to seek close commercial and financial relations with our neighbor, and the political agreements and understandings that have risen out of this situation.

According to the most recent figures, more than a billion dollars of American capital have been invested in the sugar industry and allied enterprises in our country. No less than 100 million dollars in addition is invested in other directions. Consequently American citizens have well over a billion dollars placed in Cuban undertakings. When the reciprocity campaign was at its height, twenty-one years ago, the American Club of Havana laid great emphasis on the fact that Americans at that time had 80 million dollars invested in our country. The increase since that date is undoubtedly one of the most significant phenomena of our national life.

Our Government has made four foreign loans: in 1904 it borrowed 35 million dollars; in 1909, 16½ million dollars; in 1914, 10 million dollars; and in 1922, 5 million dollars. This money was secured through American banks. Our country has already paid upon these loans some 45 million dollars interest, nearly all of which has gone to American capitalists.

During the single year of 1920, exports from the United States to Cuba aggregated 515 million dollars. Our country took fourth place in the foreign trade of the United States, being preceded only by England, Canada, and France. These figures reached a more normal level in 1921, when they fell just under 188 million dollars. None the less this is an important item in America's foreign trade, for it consists mainly of articles manufactured in the United States. Within twenty years the value of goods shipped annually from that country to Cuba has risen from 28 million dollars to an average of about 200 million dollars, and the proportion of our total imports coming from that country has risen from 42 to 75 per cent. In order to sell to the best advantage in Cuba, many American firms have established branches or agencies in this country. These branch

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houses have become an important feature of our business life. Our northern neighbors have benefited, therefore, not only by selling us their goods, but also by the colonization of their fellow citizens as traders in our territory.

We have just referred to the vast amount of American capital invested in our sugar industry. At the lowest estimate three fifths of our mills and plantations are now owned by citizens of the United States, and these mills produce more sugar than is produced under the American flag, from cane and beets together: more than the total output of Louisiana, Porto Rico, the Philippines, and the beet fields of California and the Middle West combined. To cite the actual figures, mills owned by American citizens in Cuba produced during the last year 2,570,000 tons of sugar. This does not include mills operated by the citizens of other countries but financed by American capitalists and virtually under American control. During the same season all the mills, both beet and cane, operating under the American flag, produced a total of only 2,297,000 tons.

We must bear in mind, too, that Americans own or control the steamship lines carrying passengers and freight between Cuba and the United States, from which they draw a revenue of millions of dollars annually. They also have large investments in Cuban railways, public works, telephones, cables, power plants, banks, mines, and tobacco and fruit plantations, as well as in hotels and miscellaneous undertakings. It is no exaggeration to reckon their whole investment in enterprises of this class, as we have done, at more than 100 million dollars.

So extensive has been this penetration of Cuba by American capital and enterprise, that we are compelled to recognize that the progress of commerce, industry, and finance in our country, during the past few years, has been due mainly to American initiative, and that our economic life depends almost wholly upon this force for its vigor and continuance. Therefore, both we and the citizens of the United States are vitally interested in a stable economic policy on the part of that country toward ourselves.

Cuba must maintain these intimate commercial and financial relations with the United States because it is imperative for her to have a market for her products, particularly sugar, and a source from which she can procure capital for developing her resources.

By the Platt Amendment, the United States undertook to defend the independence of Cuba and in case of necessity to maintain security of life and property within the Republic. While this right has seldom been exercised directly, its recognition, together with the close diplomatic relations existing between the two countries, has created an atmosphere of security and confidence among financiers and business men that has induced American and foreign capital to flow freely into Cuba; and the rapid business expansion that we have described has naturally resulted from this condition. The Government and all classes of people in Cuba have received the Americans with open arms. Because of this close coöperation between the two countries and their official representatives, American citizens have enjoyed no greater facilities even in their native land than they have in Cuba for building up industrial, financial, and commercial undertakings. Our policy indeed has been frankly designed to attract American money and enterprise.

Since the adoption of the Platt Amendment and the Reciprocity Treaty concluded in 1903, therefore, business relations between the two countries have always been on a special and

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exceptional international basis. These two agreements have contributed largely to the formation of the economic ties and the community of interest we have just described, and to creating a feeling of permanent harmony between the two nations.

During the recent European war, the friendship and gratitude of Cuba toward the United States were demonstrated by our actions. Not only did we ourselves enter the war, but when the United States Government took the sugar crisis in hand, Cuba sold her crop to that country's Sugar Equalization Board at prices fixed by that body. But when the war was over and the brief period of abnormal activity that succeeded it had ended, there came an era of readjustment and falling prices which sadly embarrassed all of us. At that very moment the Congress of the United States saw fit to enact an emergency tariff that went into force on May 27, 1921.

Its effect was to impose a heavy tax on the Cuban sugar-producer, and to benefit at his expense the producers of beet and cane sugar in the United States and her dependencies. This measure, which was to remain in force for six months, has now been in existence for nine months, and it is proposed to make it permanent.

I do not intend to enter here upon an exhaustive examination of the sugar question. We are only interested to-day in the broad general policy that lies behind such legislation. No one can deny that this measure is highly prejudicial to Cuba, although it might be justified as necessary to protect trade and industry in the United States. But any industry that lives only by grace of a duty of almost 100 per cent is clearly a fragile and artificial one. Since its survival will be purchased by the ruin or serious prostration of our own sugar industry, by the economic distress of our country, and by the depreciation of the immense American capital invested in Cuba, and since it will bring to a halt the growing commerce between the two countries, I cannot but regard the law as unnatural and contrary to the interests of both nations. Our situation is not that of a petitioner asking favors. Cuba does, it is true, benefit largely from her close economic relations with the United States; but the latter country profits likewise by her investments in Cuba and by her trade with us. We are involved in an economic crisis which we are experiencing in common with the United States, and in virtue of the peculiar conditions under which our relations with that country have developed, we feel the right to demand just treatment and consideration from her. Unless we receive that, we shall suffer greatly and the United States will suffer. For the two countries cannot escape a close economic union. Last of all, no great nation that loves justice can insist upon its right to control the policies and acts of another nation unless that right is supported by a reciprocal responsibility for the welfare of that country.

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UNPLEASANT RUMORS

BY ROBERT DELL

[So insistent are the rumors of serious scandals in connection with the restoration of the devastated regions in France, that the subject should be brought into the sunlight, even if it be only for the purpose of correcting exaggerations and refuting unjust accusations. It is needless to say that, since every taxpayer in the United States is indirectly a creditor of Europe, questions of this kind have a practical interest for our people.]

From the *New Statesman, August* 19
(LIBERAL LABOR WEEKLY)

M. POINCARÉ has more than once asserted that the French Government has already spent 90,000 million francs on the restoration of the devastated region. M. Viviani, when he was in London for the Council of the League of Nations, put the figure at 80,000 millions. In a statement recently issued, however, M. Poincaré modified his previous assertions and said that the 90,000 million francs had been expended 'on behalf of Germany,' which presumably means that they represent the total of the extraordinary Budgets of 'recoverable expenditure,' including war pensions, since the Armistice. Half the amount, M. Poincaré said, had been spent on the devastated territory.

'Certain eminent Frenchmen' in the mission to the London Conference, who expressed their views to a correspondent of the *Manchester Guardian* (August 10), returned to M. Viviani's figure and said: 'In the last three years our Government has raised loans amounting to £1,600,000,000 to restore our devastated areas, and this sum has been utilized in rebuilding the homes of our peasants, the workshops and factories of our workmen, the mines of our mining population — the cost of which should have been borne by Germany.'

But it would be rash to put too much confidence in the information supplied by gentlemen whose views about figures are as hazy as those of the eminent Frenchmen in question appear to be. As regards the precise sum expended on the devastated region, I leave the eminent Frenchmen to fight the matter out with M. Poincaré. The safest conclusion is that none of these varied and conflicting estimates can be relied on, but that a lot of money has been spent.

Of one thing we can, however, be quite certain. It is not true that 80,000, or even 45,000, million francs have been spent on rebuilding houses, factories, workshops, and mines, for, if it were true, they would all be rebuilt, and that is far from being the case. It may be that during the last three years the French Parliament has voted 45,000 million francs or more for the devastated region, but the fact that the French Parliament has voted a sum of money for a particular purpose is no proof that it has been used for that purpose. We know, in fact, that 4000 million francs out of the parliamentary grants for the devastated region were spent on equipping the Polish army. We do not know how much more has found its way to similar destinations. The French Government has had, during the last three years, a good deal of

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expenditure that it would have been inconvenient to reveal in the Budget — too much to be covered by the secret service vote. I suspect that the extraordinary Budget of 'recoverable expenditure' to some extent, at least, answers the purpose of 'sundries' in the household accounts of a lady with no head for figures.

The sum of 80,000 million francs is equivalent to something like 30,000 million gold francs. As I said in a previous article, the highest serious estimate of the material losses in the devastated region is 15,000 million gold francs. M. René Pupin, who gives that as a maximum, is probably the best authority on the matter in France. I do not include in the category of serious estimates those of M. Klotz or M. Loucheur, or estimates in which the average value of the contents of an agricultural laborer's cottage is put at £1200. Even the amount that, according to M. Poincaré's second thoughts, has been spent on the devastated region exceeds M. Pupin's maximum estimate. Yet, when Mr. Charles Roden Buxton was recently at Saint-Quentin, he was told by the Mayor that, out of some 14,000 houses destroyed in that town, only 5000 had even been taken in hand.

A great deal appears to have been done in the devastated region in the way of remaking roads and rebuilding bridges, but many peasants and workmen are still living in temporary wooden shanties, and many towns and villages are still in ruins. Indeed, it is one of the favorite themes of French propaganda that this is the case, and cinema films are sent out to show it. It is not the fault of the inhabitants of the devastated region, except possibly in a very few isolated cases. I am told that American visitors to Verdun leave such handsome checks behind them that the mayor of that town is in no hurry to rebuild it; but that must be quite an exceptional case.

The question therefore arises, What has become of all the money voted by Parliament? Even after every allowance has been made for grants to the Polish army, Kolchak, Denikin, Wrangel, Yudenich, Petljura, Mr. Burtzeff, Mr. Savinkov, Bavarian monarchists, Grand Dukes, Russian 'ambassadors,' and all the other interesting protégés of the French Republic, there must have been a lot left. A very well-known American told me recently that, in his opinion, the 'graft' in connection with the devastated region of France surpassed anything of the kind ever known in any country or any age. He may have exaggerated slightly, but I fear that he supplied the key to the mystery.

The houses of Saint-Quentin and other towns are still in ruins because the money that should have rebuilt them has been held up on the way. That has happened in France before now. During the war the French Government on a particular occasion advanced 150 million francs to the Government of a certain small Allied country. When the loan reached the Government in question, it was reduced to 100 millions. 'Wheresoever the carcase is, there will the eagles be gathered together.'

It must be admitted that the Treaty of Versailles gave every encouragement to 'graft' in this matter by not fixing the amount of the German payment for 'reparations.' Unlimited 'reparations'! Here indeed was a carcase worth picking, and the vultures were on it at once. The consequences were described by a particularly competent French economist, M. Francis Delaisi, in the *Manchester Guardian* of May 15, 1919.

> Happily we have at hand inside our own frontiers a new land. . . . Work costing sixty billions is waiting to be done there, according to the official report. What more

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extensive markets could you dream of? What is Morocco, what is Indo-China, compared with these ten departments waiting to be rebuilt? But it is essential that Allied products should not penetrate them, for in a year or so reconstruction would come to an end and, by the time our factories were ready, the market would have disappeared. Let us close them, then, to the foreign importer, as we have closed Algeria or Madagascar. We have no diplomatic difficulties to fear; the devastated regions, happily, are in France. . . . It seems that our devastated regions will have to wait until the factories behind them are ready to work for them. They will have to regulate their needs to suit the convenience of those who supply them. It would be wrong to exhaust too quickly a market like this. . . .

M. Delaisi recounted how restoration was deliberately delayed, how Roubaix spinners were prevented from importing machinery that they had bought in America, how Ford motor-cars bought by the State were left to rust in the port of Bordeaux, how an authority humorously nicknamed 'Reconstruction Office' regulated and prohibited imports in the interest of the 'great French war-magnates of industry,' who had 'succeeded in putting one of their number, the most active and the most intelligent, at the head of the Ministry charged with controlling them.'

This was the first scandal of the devastated region, but it was not the last. Immediately after the Armistice, the German Government offered to restore the whole devastated region at its own expense, with German workmen and German material. The offer was rejected with contumely, as was every subsequent offer of the kind, until at last the Wiesbaden agreement, not yet applied, sanctioned restoration in kind to a limited extent. When the French and German Trade Unions agreed on a practical scheme for restoration in kind, the prefects were sent round to stir up the inhabitants of the devastated region against it. One district, which had given a free vote in favor of the scheme by a large majority, was induced under official pressure to give another vote against it by a small majority.

One of the German Trade Unionists who went to the devastated region in connection with the proposal told me that everywhere the German delegates were received in the most friendly way and that the opinion of the inhabitants seemed to be overwhelmingly in favor of the scheme. Thus did the French Government, as M. Delaisi said, deliberately sacrifice the interests of the ruined population of the devastated region to those of the 'great French war-magnates of industry.' And, having done so, it appeals to the world to have pity on 'martyred France,' and uses the sufferings of the devastated region as an excuse for militarist ambitions and annexationist designs.

The millions that were to be recovered from Germany were lavished, — with a prodigality unsurpassed even during the war, — not on the ruined inhabitants of the devastated region, but on the magnates of industry. Contractors fixed their own terms and no questions were asked. Material was supplied at top prices. Commissions flowed in an unending stream into the pockets of innumerable intermediaries. Reckless extravagance, shameless corruption, unblushing favoritism — they all found their excuse in that eternal refrain of the war, '*L'Allemagne paiera.*'

The easiest method of all of making money out of the devastated region is that of having a claim for property destroyed — provided that the claimant is rich or influential, or both. In the payment of compensation the practice consistently adopted is that of paying the rich first. It is the habitual practice in France. In no other country with which I am acquainted is there so reli-

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gious an observance of the evangelical maxim: 'To him that hath shall be given.' The workmen of Saint-Quentin cannot get their houses, but the owners of 'their' factories, if they know how to work the *piston*, get the money for them, whether the factories are rebuilt or not. And they get it on a generous scale. The French Socialist press has published case after case of scandalous overcompensation, and the Socialist Party has raised the matter in Parliament. But who in France cares what the Socialist press and the Socialist Party say? There is an easy reply to all such revelations, namely, that the people that make them are paid by the 'Boches.' As the French public is firmly convinced that all politicians are paid by somebody, such a reply never fails in its effect.

One case, however, has at last got into the law courts. The Government has steeled itself to prosecute a gentleman at Laon who successfully claimed about thirteen million francs for a factory that had cost him 250,000 before the war. It appears that he has already received four and a half millions on account. He should not be alone in the dock — if ever he gets there, which is doubtful, for many things may happen in the course of a French *instruction*. There are only two alternative explanations of such a case as this: either claims are admitted without the smallest investigation, or somebody has been bribed. Perhaps both explanations are true.

If the information that reaches me is accurate, some of the peasants have shared in the pickings. For I am told that some of them have been compensated on so liberal a scale that they have been able to buy large quantities of agricultural machinery — almost unknown before the war. At any rate, the methods of French agriculture will benefit. The chief sufferer is, of course, the town workman — that helot of the French Republic.

In the scandal of the devastated region is to be found one of the causes of the critical condition of French national finances. Had the German offer to restore the region been accepted, the French Parliament would not have had to vote a sou for the purpose, and it would have been easy to balance the Budgets with comparatively moderate taxation. For the 'corrected' value of the national expenditure last year, after deducting the expenditure on 'reconstruction,' but not that on pensions, was only 22 per cent more than the expenditure in 1913, and the difference was more than accounted for by the increase in the interest on the national debt. Even if the offer had been rejected and the money voted by Parliament had been honestly spent, the devastated region would now be entirely restored and there would be no need for further expenditure on it. As it is, more money has been voted by Parliament than would have sufficed to restore the whole devastated region, and yet it is not half restored. Hence M. Poincaré's anxiety. Hence the demand that the French debt to England should be cancelled. Hence the frantic efforts to squeeze blood out of the German stone.

We should not allow the conduct of the French Government to prevent us from sympathizing with its victims in the devastated region, but we should point out to those victims that it is not Germany that they have to blame for their present plight. On the contrary, their own rulers have prevented Germany from repairing the damage done by the war. The financial difficulties of the French State deserve neither pity nor sympathy, for they are the consequences of a dishonest and reckless policy.

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IMPRESSIONS OF THE VATICAN

BY VLADIMIR POLIAKOFF

From the *Daily Telegraph, July 28, August 5*
(London Independent-Conservative Daily)

On the cap of the man who was lazily sweeping the dusty Roman street I saw a shield with the letters S.P.Q.R. It was midday, the hot rays of the sun were beating straight down, and the clouds of dust whirled up by the man's broom were full of scintillating particles.

Suddenly, it seemed to me that I was looking out upon a wide plain. Among the whirls of dust I saw advancing the compact squares of Rome's legions. The helmets, the shields, and the corselets burned in the sun, and the spearheads were like sparkling flames. Over the squares planed the eagles, the world-conquering eagles of Rome, with talons fixed firmly in the laurel of the wreaths wound round the bronze tablets with the lettering S.P.Q.R.

Senatus Populusque Romanus — the Senate and the People of Rome: the formula of the proud, relentless power which transformed a township on seven petty hillocks into the capital of a world.

The clouds of dust became denser; the legions marched into them and disappeared. For a time the eagles continued to fly overhead, then they too were swallowed up. Suddenly, out of the dust-clouds emerged the man with the broom. He paused in his work; I asked him for the meaning of the letters on his cap? He moved his hand in a slow, carelessly negative gesture. 'These letters? Who can tell, Signor? An ancient sign, surely. Something connected with the Syndic. But maybe not. . . . An ancient sign surely. . . .' Then, all of a sudden the lazy man's eyes flashed. He said proudly: 'Rome is so old, and she is the capital of Christendom.'

So, hidden away, the old spirit survives. I set out to discover its hiding-place. The letters S.P.Q.R. I found everywhere — on all municipal buildings, on the uniforms and caps of city employees, on tramway cars, even on dustbins. But the vision of the eagles would not come back. Among the kindly, gay, easy-going people I met there was no trace of the ancestral virility. If it is true that in the soul of every nation there are male and female characteristic traits, it seems to me that those of the weaker sex predominate in the modern Italian. For a time I thought that the ancient virile spirit of Rome had completely disappeared.

But one morning I was in St. Peter's. Mass was being sung in one of the side chapels of the great basilica. The officiating priest and his acolytes were moving through the rhythm of the service with a steadiness which is characteristic of the Catholic rite and which creates an impression of immutability. My attention was attracted by the canons, who sat at the left of the altar in their ancient carved stalls. They were a score or so, old and in the prime of age, large and small, but all impressive in their surplices, with boldly moulded heads proudly raised above broad, flat collars of old lace.

Suddenly I felt the presence of the eagles. These canons were taking part in the service as if they were marching into battle. I sensed the warrior spirit

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even in the oldest of them, when he totteringly stood up with the rest. I heard the eagles of old Rome cutting through the air with bronze pinions; the legions were being led into battle; the eagles were planing overhead and the battle-cry rose in thunder to heaven.

I think it is Dean Inge who has said that — all religious questions apart — there exists a Papal State in the world. I quite agree. The geographical limits of the State are fluid, but its existence is proved by the millions of faithful subjects and by the recognized political status of its directing centre at the Vatican. But there is an essential difference between it and modern political states, in the sense that to define it one must apply the 'fourth dimension.' The three measurements of a modern political state are economics, historical tradition, and political necessity. In the case of the Papal State, religious feeling has to be added, or perhaps I should say, with greater exactitude, superimposed, as the fourth dimension.

There is yet another difficulty when one discusses anything connected with the Vatican. Time there is not measured according to our accepted forms. While we think in days usually, in months not always, in years very seldom, and in generations nearly never, the Vatican thinks in centuries ordinarily, in generations fairly often, in years only under the pressure of unusual circumstances, in shorter periods never. It is this difference in the measurement of time which makes the Vatican such a difficult subject for the secular political investigator. There is no time limit, in the usually accepted sense, for the Vatican's political thought. At least it is not limited by a lifetime. The Cardinal who at the time of writing is at the head of the Vatican's Foreign Office — Segreteria di Stato — is a very old man, who for thirty years has been connected with political affairs. But he continues to look ahead into the centuries. He, I believe, is the only statesman in Europe who can and who does coolly discuss the possibility of Russian Bolshevism, under some form or another, enduring for fifty years yet. What are fifty years for the Vatican? Imagine any other European statesman, anxious for the success of his butterfly career, talking in this cool way about Moscow.

Then there is yet another great difference between the men who are at the head of affairs at the Vatican and all others. They do not make a personal career. Naturally there are the inevitable personal intrigues and petty individual bickerings, but there is not (is this for better or for worse?) that political competition which distinguishes life in our modern communities.

The men at the Vatican serve an idea which they deem eternally and victoriously right. They look with contempt upon simple mortals who refuse to isolate certain brain areas, who are continually the victims of doubt, and who do not see ahead beyond a vague desire to make the world a fit place for their direct descendants to live in.

I came to Rome with my mind open, although I certainly was aware of the fact that the activities of the Vatican had become more lively during the war, and had considerably increased after it. I had heard a great deal about 'Rome on the warpath,' about the Vatican's schemes to annex the Russian Church, and about many other ambitious plans. Now it was quite clear to me that during a stay of several weeks I could not expect to be able to collect many facts by the method of direct personal investigation. One may live in Rome for months, even years, without coming any nearer to real insight into the policy of the Vatican. I preferred, therefore, to seek out people who, by their position and by long and careful

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study, have been able to accumulate a respectable fund of information. When one has the chance, as I had it, of meeting a great number of such well-informed people, whose views often diverge considerably from each other, by cross-checking the replies one may obtain a good view of many interesting sides of a question which would have baffled a student applying the method of direct personal investigation.

Before interviewing an Italian statesman of any standing in the Government of the day, you are warned that he will speak freely on all subjects except relations with the Vatican. This is characteristic of the present state of affairs in Italy. Abroad, people have been talking of late about the coming reconciliation between the Vatican and the Italian Kingdom. What they have in mind, evidently, is the outward sign of such a reconciliation. For example, a great deal was said about the present Pope breaking with tradition at his election and coming out of the self-imposed prison of his predecessors.

I doubt if such a reconciliation can take place in the near future. The position of the Vatican is regulated by the so-called Law of Guaranty, which was passed by the Italian Parliament after the temporal power of the Pope had been abolished in 1870. By this law, which the Popes have not ratified, the exterritoriality, the right to diplomatic relations, and several other privileges of the Vatican have been recognized. But the law is a national statute passed by the Italian Parliament, and therefore can be changed by it. If the Vatican accepts it now, as many of its friends advise, where is the assurance that at some future date a Socialist or a Communist Parliament will not abrogate it? The Pope would then find himself reduced to the position of a simple citizen or, perhaps, to something even less. Therefore the Vatican cannot accept the Law of Guaranty until out of a national statute it is transformed into an international instrument, recognized by all the civilized States assembled in special conclave on this question. One fails to see when and how such a guaranty can be achieved.

This is the juridical objection to a formal reconciliation, but there are other considerations of an even more weighty character. By accepting the Law of Guaranty, and by coming out of his present aloofness into the everyday life of Rome, the Pope, however prudent his conduct, will become Italianized. Even now the Vatican is accused of being too Italian. When the Pope becomes a sort of glorified Archbishop of Canterbury, the 'chaplain of the Savoyan King,' the accusations will increase in volume.

The Vatican thinks in centuries, and from this point of view why should it ally itself to a dynasty whose existence in its eyes has not yet acquired the element of time to recommend it? The Vatican has seen so many kings and captains go.

But the interest of the Vatican in the life of the country is intense. Very soon it is made clear to the impartial observer that its influence is omnipresent. This is but natural; Catholicism is the religion of the country, which is curiously free from competing schismatic sects. People are either Catholics or without religion. At present there is a revival of religious feeling in Italy, as in many other places in Europe, and naturally the authority of the Holy Father is increased.

In the life of a nation politics are not the principal object. They serve only to express the vital processes developing in the national body. A nation's politics are influenced by the state of its mind — of the mind of the individuals who compose it. The weight of the

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Pope's spiritual influence therefore makes itself felt also in the sphere of Italian politics. If the Vatican kept absolutely aloof from all that happens in the Chamber of Deputies on the Montecitorio, its influence would nevertheless remain an important factor.

And one cannot say that the Vatican is disinterested. The Pope is a world figure and represents a world interest. But he is also an Italian, and so are all his important advisers, like Cardinals Gasparri and Vanutelli and many others. To put it moderately, the Vatican does not actively appear in Italian politics, but it watches over them with sustained and great interest.

While I was in Rome a member of the Diplomatic Corps accredited to the Holy See tried hard to persuade me that the live force which is at the head of affairs at the Vatican is composed on an international basis — that there is 'even an English Cardinal.' I must honestly confess I cannot share this view. The Vatican is essentially Italian. Not to speak of his Holiness himself, the principal members of the Curia are Italians. The Cardinals residing in Rome are nearly all Italians. The State Secretariat, through which the Pope directs the most important affairs and especially those connected with foreign relations, is quite Italian. The three men at its head are Italians — Cardinal Gasparri, Monsignor Borgongini-Duca, and Monsignor Pizzardi. The Council on Extraordinary Affairs, to which the State Secretariat reports on important questions, is composed of thirteen Italians, one German, and one Spaniard.

Life in Italy is influenced by the Vatican through three channels: (1) the faithful, (2) direct contact with the Government at the Quirinal, (3) Parliamentary action. The first does not need to be explained. The second is brought about in this way: although no direct official contact exists between the Vatican and the Quirinal, there are men, mostly belonging to the old black aristocracy, who are the living connecting link between the two powers. Parliamentary action is exercised through the Popular Party, which is led by a Sicilian priest, Don Sturzo. Whatever the Government in power, the Populars hold the balance.

The consummate skill with which the Vatican has kept clear from commitment with a single party is remarkable. The programme of the Populars is so elastic that according to desire one may find in it socialistic or reactionary elements. Even the Communists cannot say that the Vatican is against them. In the Catholic revival, of which the Eucharistic Congress held last May in Rome was an external sign, the Communists are allowed to take a share. For example, during the Congress solemn processions were arranged in most of the Italian towns, and also in Reggio, where the Communist municipal council is reported to have taken part in them.

No flowery language can disguise the fact of a deeply seated antipathy for France in Italy. Nevertheless, under the ægis of the Vatican, France and Italy marched united to the attack against the British mandate for Palestine. It has passed unperceived by the public that Signor Schanzer, the Italian Foreign Minister, during his visit to London in the beginning of July, developed with great tenacity the thesis of the defense of the Vatican's interest in the Holy Land. For the first time the Minister of the secular Government at the Quirinal has officially represented the interests of the Vatican. This is a fact of the highest importance, and it proves conclusively my remark about the influence of the Vatican in Italy.

But I am principally interested in the Vatican's policy toward those

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parts of Europe which have passed through a catastrophe of the first magnitude: the Central European Succession States, with their Balkan satellites and Russia. But before I speak of this I must mention an important fact — I mean the scheme to create an Oriental Catholic Church.

Let me explain. In Western Europe and in America the Catholic Church forms one whole. In France, in England, in the United States, or in Spain, when a Catholic is asked about his religion, he answers: 'I am a Catholic.' In Eastern Europe and in Asia things are different. We have various small churches, which recognize the Papal supremacy, but which are not interdependent — for example, the Ukrainian Uniat Church, the Greco-Catholics, and some others. The idea is that an Oriental Catholic Church must exist, equivalent in all respects to the Occidental Roman Catholic Church, with the Pope as supreme master. I will say more: I think that in the mind of the men at the Vatican a great Oriental Catholic Church already exists, lacking only external forms to demonstrate its existence to the world. And this idea must have been germinating for a long time. This impression is based on a curious fact. Few people have commented upon the creation by Pope Benedict XV of the Congregation of the Oriental Church. There seems to be a curious connection between the explosion of the Russian Revolution, in March 1917, and the decision of the Pope to carry out in May of the same year what must have been a carefully matured plan. Pius IX in 1862 founded the College of the Propaganda Fidei for the Oriental rite. This college was transformed on May 8, 1917, into the Holy Congregation of the Church of the Orient. The Papal *motu proprio* clearly speaks about a '*Congregazione per la chiesa orientale*,' the Oriental Church being mentioned in the all-embracing singular instead of the usual expression about the 'Oriental Churches.' The Pope himself became the Prefect of the new congregation, a quite unusual distinction, considering that in other older institutions of the same sort the Prefects are chosen from among the cardinals.

The charter of the new congregation is interesting. 'To this congregation are reserved all affairs, whatever their character, referring to the personnel, discipline, or rites of the Oriental Churches, even if these affairs are of a mixed nature — that is, if they partly refer to things or persons of the Latin rite. This congregation will enjoy all the same rights over the Churches of the Oriental rite which other congregations have over the Church of the Latin rite. . . .'

By using the names of the Oriental Churches in the plural, the idea of one united Oriental Church as expressed in the title is clouded over. But it is the custom of the Vatican not to precipitate things, but to allow them to slip into place gradually by imperceptible stages. At the Eucharistic Congress in Rome last May, Cardinal Vanutelli, in a remarkable speech, mentioned the absolute similarity of dogma between the Catholic and the Russian Orthodox Churches. There was an unmistakable desire to prove that only external ceremonial differences exist between the two.

A simple-minded Russian priest from Galicia, whom I met in Rome, said: 'You ask me if I am a Uniat (the autonomous Catholic Church in Galicia). I understand what you mean, but you are mistaken. There is really no Uniat Church. We all are simply Catholics of the Oriental rite.' The old man had evidently absorbed the doctrine — a good example of how the idea has percolated to the conscience of even humble servants of the Church.

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Logically speaking, the idea of an Oriental Catholic Church equivalent to the Occidental Latin Church is right. The Vatican's authority in the East can increase only when a single all-embracing organism shall be substituted for small autonomous churches.

An interesting question is that of the Vatican's attitude toward the new States formed on the ruins of the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. If anywhere at all, then certainly in those parts of Europe Rome must consider herself attacked. By the very force of circumstances the erstwhile preponderating position of the Roman Catholic religion is subject to assault.

In 1911, when a Eucharistic Congress was held in Vienna, a series of ceremonies was arranged to prove the intimate connection between the Hapsburg dynasty and the Church. The crowning event was to be a solemn procession through the Viennese streets, with the participation of the Emperor, of the Archdukes, and of the whole Court. The procession was to assemble finally before the Burgthor, where Cardinal Dr. Nagl, from a special elevated platform, was to give the Papal benediction to the kneeling multitude. This impressive ceremony was intended to be the final triumphant note of the whole Congress. A torrential rain at the last moment prevented it from taking place — a sinister prophecy of coming changes.

Before the war Austria-Hungary was the country where the policy of the Vatican evolved through the centuries was most closely allied to that of the ruling dynasty. In consequence of this it naturally had become opposed to interests of the Slav tribes in the Empire. Or, let us better say, it was obliged to place Slav interests after those of German Austria, and especially after those of the Hungarians. The war brought its penalty for this tendency. The second-rate Slavs have come to the fore. Czechoslovakia, which is now the premier Succession State, and the Kingdom of the Serbs, Slovenes, and Croatians have inherited a goodly slice of old Hapsburg territory. The Magyarophile pre-war policy of the Vatican was the reason why in Czechoslovakia all but one of the old bishops have been dismissed. A national Czech Church has come into being, which vacillates in its sympathies between the Church of England and the Orthodox Church of Russia, but which certainly is not amiably disposed toward the Vatican. There is difficulty in finding young Czechs for the Roman seminary. In Ugro-Russia, the little Carpathian land where the ancient Russian stock has been preserved in greatest purity; the population is moving against the Magyarophile higher clergy and in favor of the Orthodox Church. The Czechoslovak Government does not see any reason for putting obstacles in the way of this movement. In Yugoslavia the situation also is not favorable. Although nearly half of the provinces are Catholic, Belgrade does not worry much about the Vatican. The Czechs, if not sympathetic, are, at least, polite and ready to discuss matters, but the Serbs simply pretend to ignore the existence of the Vatican. As yet they have not concluded a concordat for the Catholic part of the kingdom — Croatia. So that Rome cannot protect its clergy, whose lands are now being expropriated to a great extent. The position of the Catholic Uniat Church in Transylvania, now annexed by Orthodox Rumania, is also not satisfactory.

All this makes the policy of the Vatican run parallel to the anti-Slav policy of the Quirinal, and allows the Italian sympathies of the leading men at the Vatican to become active. This, again, helps to reinforce the anti-Romish tendencies in the Slav-governed States.

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Thus, by the force of circumstances, and as a consequence of a century-old mistaken policy, the Vatican is now attacked in Southeastern Europe.

When a virile organization like the Vatican is attacked, it defends itself by taking the offensive. But there are two ways to pass to the attack. One consists in boldly starting a frontal attack. This is a dangerous enterprise, and would definitely place the Vatican in the position of an enemy of the Southeastern Slavs. But a position which is impregnable from the front may be turned. This is a more subtle method, and it certainly appeals strongly to the subtle brains in the Vatican.

The Slavs have a tendency to lean upon the Russian Orthodox Church. It would be a proof of consummate skill to forestall this dangerous movement, not by opposing it by direct methods, but by establishing close relations with this same Orthodox Church. I suspect that the desire to achieve such a turning movement is one of the reasons for the great interest which the Vatican is now taking in the Russian situation.

But there are several other reasons for the interest of the Vatican in Russian affairs just now. The Orthodox Church has been shaken to its foundations by the last Bolshevist phase of the Revolution. During the Tsarist period it was transformed into an organ of administration, closely allied to the police system, by which the nation was kept in subjection. The Revolution began by freeing it from this shameful slavery, and started it on the road to what I believe will be a great reform movement. But the Martin Luthers of the Russian Church have not yet revealed their presence. Meanwhile, the clergy is divided in itself. The Bolsheviks have been able to divide it on the question of the confiscation of Church ornaments. The Patriarch and the higher clergy have been placed at a tactical disadvantage, which has deprived them of the unanimous support of the lower clergy and of the faithful. The Russian Church is passing through a period of depressing weakness and irresolution. The moment seems opportune for an attempt to be made to establish Papal influence over the Orthodox Church. Deprived of its natural leaders, the Orthodox masses may turn in despair to the firm rock of St. Peter for guidance and for consolation.

Numerous friends of the Vatican insist that during the Revolution the Catholic Church has made great progress in some parts of Russia. They say that the Catholic clergy gained considerably in authority by its devotion to duty and by its courageous attitude toward the exigencies of Communism. It is an undoubted fact that individual cases of conversion to Catholicism have been fairly numerous, not only in Russia proper but also among the highly cultured and influential Russian emigrants abroad. I have met such people even at the Vatican, where some of them seemed predestined to influential posts in the Apostolic service.

Then, again, the Vatican is perfectly informed about the great strides made by Protestant propaganda in Russia. It has escaped public attention in Europe how vigorously conducted and well supplied with funds this propaganda really is. In South Russia especially, thousands of people, whole villages in fact, have gone over to the Stunda, as the Russian Baptists are called. Russia has always been a great place for sects. During the Tsarist régime these were suppressed with considerable severity. Now the field is open to them. Ample funds are available, evidently supplied by sympathizers in the United States. Many propagandists have come from Germany and the border States.

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So the Vatican's increased interest in the Orthodox Church is stimulated by a desire to obtain a leverage against the Southeastern Slavs, and by a hope of being able to profit by the temporary weakness of the Orthodox hierarchy.

The eminently practical men who are at the head of affairs at the Vatican will never allow imagination to run away with them. I therefore think that they do not pursue a plan of wholesale annexation in regard to the Russian Church. Their object is more definite, if less impressive. I think that the Vatican intends to concentrate principally on two points in Russia: South Russia — especially the Ukraine — and the Far East. For missionary activities in the Ukraine a ready base is provided by the existing Uniat Church in Eastern Galicia. In Siberia, especially in the eastern part, Catholicism has always had many adherents, and their number seems to have increased during the storm and stress of the present revolutionary period. In any case, the Vatican has found it necessary to have an Apostolic Legate in Vladivostok.

If I am asked about the probable results which an intense Catholic propaganda may achieve in Russia, I must first of all say that, although I admit the possibility of successes in certain localities on the periphery of the old Empire, I do not believe in the possibility of sweeping conquests in the centre. This is for a reason which to many may appear — at the first glance — paradoxical. The existence of a free independent Catholic Poland will be the main obstacle to the success of the Vatican propaganda in Russia proper. By tradition, Catholicism has always been for the Russian people a symbol of foreign intervention in their affairs. The question is not religious, but purely ethnic and sentimental. A Poland remaining in the Russian State, and bearing its share of the misery under the Bolsheviki, would have been an excellent missionary for Rome. Independent Poland cannot play this part.

SLEEP

BY CHARLES WILLIAMS

[*The New Witness*]

Now industry is ended; now, kind sleep,
  Only be pleased to be not overswift,
But let our loosed and drowsy bodies keep
  A little taste of exile; slowly sift
Night's heavier from the airy thoughts of day,
  And at the point of our surrender make
Some new, delicious, ever-shorter stay;
  Slowly to sleep is good, swiftly to wake.
Ah! coveted Joy, too absolute in content
  To be exchanged for immortality,
How dost thou lure us from our late consent
  And our night prayers to light and ecstasy.
Tempting us now, with our last waking breath,
  To ask no more, but only thee, of death.

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SNAKE–CHARMERS

BY E. O. K.

Cornhill Magazine, August
(ENGLISH LITERARY MONTHLY)

ON reading an article recently on the catching of snakes, I was reminded of an experience I had many years ago when camping in Southern India. I was at the time very skeptical about the powers of snake-charmers, especially as regards the catching of wild snakes. On more than one occasion I had seen them at work in gardens, and I was never convinced that the snakes caught by them were genuine wild ones; in fact there were always good reasons to suppose that the snakes had been either previously 'put down' or else cleverly produced from the persons of the snake-charmers.

The experience of which I now write, however, was a very different matter, and convinced me that though ninety-nine out of a hundred so-called snake-charmers may be frauds, the hundredth may be absolutely genuine and possess the power of attracting snakes.

As usual, the majority of my servants and camp equipment had gone on the day before I left my headquarters, and orders were given to pitch the tents in a new locality about a mile distant from the place which had hitherto been my camping-ground. This new ground was situated on a low, rocky ridge about a mile long, covered with scrub jungle and stunted trees, which formed the greater portion of the bund or embankment of a large irrigation tank (reservoir). Extensive repairs and extensions were being made to the two surplus-water escapes at the flanks of the tank, and by pitching my camp on the rocky ridge between them, it was easy for me to get at them both, and inspect the work that was being done.

Having made an early start from my headquarters, I rode into my camp about 9 A.M. I saw at once that something was amiss. The servants were all gathered round an old stunted tree, talking and shouting, and obviously very excited. I called up my head 'boy' and asked him what the trouble was, when he informed me that 'a very big size cobra snake' had slipped out from inside my tent when he was arranging it against my arrival, and that on chasing it, it had escaped into a hollow in the trunk of the tree. They had tried all ways they could think of to get it out, including shoving a long bamboo into the hollow and rattling it about, but without success, and they were then engaged in trying to smoke it out. This last experiment was tried to such an extent and so vigorously that eventually there was danger of the jungle around being set ablaze, so I had to put a stop to it. My own private opinion was that either the snake had not been carefully marked down, or else it had made its escape prior to my arrival.

After a refreshing bath I had a late breakfast, and then sat down to do some office work. The tree into which the snake was said to have gone was less than twenty yards distant from my tent, and was clearly visible from where I sat, through the tent window — anyone going near it would have come across my line of vision; anyhow, I am convinced in my own mind that no one did go near it. The nearest big village

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to my camp was about two miles away, and to this my cook had gone after breakfast to get supplies.

Evidently he must have talked of the 'very big size cobra snake,' as shortly after his return two snake-charmers, with all the usual paraphernalia — baskets with snakes, blankets, pipes, and so forth — turned up and greeted me with the usual drawling 'Salaam, Sahib.' Even in the south of India, where Hindustani is very little spoken, the snake-charmers and conjurers use this language more than Tamil and Telugu. I asked them what they wanted, and they said they had heard in the village that a very big cobra had been seen in my encampment, 'over six feet long,' and they had come to try to catch it, if I would give them permission to do so, as they had not got a really big cobra in their collection. I told them to go ahead at once, and myself went out to watch the proceedings. The men proceeded to walk round and round the tree, one of them playing the weird snake-charmers' pipes. My servants were required to stand well back, and I myself remained about ten yards from the tree.

In about three minutes both men suddenly came to a halt, but the music continued; then the one who was not playing advanced very cautiously and quietly with a blanket, and about the same time I saw a snake moving out of the hole at the bottom of the tree. After what seemed quite a long time, but was probably only a few seconds, the blanket was thrown on to the snake, and the man who threw it followed it up like a flash. In another second he had run his left hand up to just below the snake's neck and held it quite securely, while it twisted and lashed itself round his arm. The reptile was obviously furious, and was struggling and hissing in a most alarming manner; the fangs were quite visible, which went to confirm that it really was a wild snake just caught for the first time. As it was not killed, I did not actually measure it, but the men said it was a very large one, and it certainly looked every bit of five feet, which is very big for a cobra.

In spite of having seen this snake caught before my eyes, I still thought that there might have been some trickery about it, and that by some means unknown to me it had been 'introduced' by the snake men. I proceeded to voice my doubts to them, whereupon they laughed and said that I had chosen as a camping-ground a place which, from the look of it, must be infested with snakes, and they felt sure they could catch one or more in any part of the rocky ridge I might choose to take them to. I promptly challenged them to do so, but to make sure that they took no snakes with them, I insisted on their stripping themselves of all clothing, except the minutest of loin cloths.

One of the men was allowed to carry a basket for the snakes and a small blanket, which I examined before starting, and the other carried the musical instrument. After proceeding about a quarter of a mile, I stopped at a likely looking place and told them to produce a snake. They commenced as they had done before, moving slowly forward and very much on the alert, the pipes being played quietly all the time. In a few minutes both came to a standstill, and the next moment the blanket was cast and another cobra — a much smaller one this time — was brought to bag. I told them to kill it, which they refused to do, as they said it was wrong to kill the 'nalla pambu' (cobra), but they had no objection to my doing so. The Tamil name for cobra, 'nalla pambu,' means 'good snake,' and the name is evidently a propitiatory one. A second place was tried a few hundred yards farther on, where in a very short

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time two cobras were caught in the same manner, both under four feet long.

A third place was much more open and less rocky, and before commencing operations the men said it was not likely that a snake would be there. They were quite correct, and after trying for five minutes we moved on to the end of the ridge, where another cobra was bagged. I was then quite convinced that these men were genuine snake-catchers and had the power of attracting snakes to them.

It was after getting back to my camp, however, that to me the most interesting part of the day's performance commenced. The snake-charmers removed the big cobra that had been caught first from the basket, and one of them proceeded to 'play' with it. The play consisted in persistently annoying it by hitting it on the head, pulling its tail, and so forth, till the poor creature, raised to a pitch of intense fury, struck at its tormentor repeatedly. He, however, was protected by the instrument he used, a bulb or gourd about four inches in diameter, with a short stick passed through it projecting from each end. By holding one of the handles so formed his hand was completely guarded and all the snake could do was to strike the bulb.

Now came the wonderful part of the performance. The man produced an old piece of root from his bag. He said this was a cure for snake bite, but it had to be used immediately; a decoction from the root had to be taken internally and powder from it rubbed into the bite after the latter had been enlarged and the flesh cut deep into with a razor or knife. I asked him if he would let the snake bite him and try the remedy, but he very naïvely replied that it would be foolish to be bitten unnecessarily, as in some cases the medicine might not be effective. He proceeded, however, to demonstrate the fear or dislike the cobra had for this root. After working it up to a state of intense fury with the bulb stick, he would suddenly strike at the snake with his other hand, holding a piece of the root in his fingers. It looked a mad thing to do, as the hand was quite unprotected; but instead of the snake striking at him, it immediately dropped its head on to the ground and tried to make off, only to be ruthlessly pulled back by its tail.

Time and again this was repeated, the snake each time being thoroughly excited by means of the bulb stick before the root was produced, and each time the same thing happened. It was an amazing performance. The men then begged me to try for myself the effect of the root on the cobra, and said they would stand guarantee that nothing happened to me; but I was not to be induced. I pointed out to them that their guarantee would be of little use to me if the snake did bite me, especially after their remark that 'it would be foolish to be bitten unnecessarily, as in some cases the medicine root might not be effective.' I am afraid they thought me very poor-spirited to be afraid when there was obviously no danger, according to them. One of my servants said he was willing to try, but I think he knew quite well that I would not allow him to take the risk.

Some time later I tried to get hold of these snake-charmers again to demonstrate the genuineness of their performances to an unbeliever, but I was told they were strangers to the village from which they had come to my camp, and it was not known where they had gone.

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GERHART HAUPTMANN AS A MAN

BY KONRAD HAENISCH

[*Gerhart Hauptmann's sixtieth birthday is now being celebrated by a dramatic festival in Breslau. Previously a student of philosophy and sculpture, Hauptmann adopted play-writing as his life work in* 1888, *and has achieved a European reputation. He received an honorary degree at Oxford in* 1905 *and the Nobel Prize for Literature in* 1912. *His most effective and poignant plays have been studies in the social ironies. His* Festspiel *for the Breslau Centenary Exhibition in* 1913 *infuriated the Junkers, and was withdrawn by command of the Crown Prince. The present appreciation of his work and personality is by a close student of his writings, who is the author of a book entitled* Gerhart Hauptmann und das deutsche Volk, *the publication of which is just announced.*]

From *Die Glocke, August* 7
(SOCIALIST-CHAUVINIST WEEKLY)

STUPID critics have raged, not only against Gerhart Hauptmann as a poet, but also against his character as a man. Their attacks began thirty years ago, when his first dramas were the sensation of the German stage, and they have continued incessantly up to the present time. In 1893 Conrad Alberti pictured the poet to the public as a cold egoist, for whom the world was merely something from which he could extract personal profit — as a man without convictions, who would renounce his faith thrice a day to win fame or fortune. And only a few years ago a popular writer by the name of Espey assailed Hauptmann in a widely circulated pamphlet as a corrupt and unscrupulous self-seeker, with whom no honorable German should have aught to do.

So far as I know, the poet has never replied to these attacks. They are none the less an additional reason why we should try to form a true opinion of this greatest and most truly national of contemporary poets. The German people, who have been summoned by the President of the Republic within the past few weeks to do honor to Hauptmann upon his sixtieth birthday, are entitled to know the truth about him as a man, to have him portrayed to them just as he is, and not as reflected in a mirror distorted by envious hatred. For it is not true that a man can be both a great poet and a contemptible individual.

Naturally it is still too early for a final estimate of Hauptmann. That will come decades later, when the poet's letters and the other records of his life are accessible to the public, when he and his associations can be analyzed and dissected without reference to people now living, and when the connection between the man and his work can be unraveled down to its finest threads. That will be the task of future literary critics and historians. We have an illustration of this in what has been disclosed during the last twenty or thirty years regarding Goethe, of whom our present conception differs in many essential respects from that of his contemporaries. So Hauptmann will not be fully known to our people until after his death. At present we can venture no more than a hasty sketch.

I have just named Goethe. Goethe once said that all his works were in final analysis nothing more than frag-

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ments of a great life-confession. That applies equally to Hauptmann. Few poets have revealed their most intimate character in their works as clearly as he has, for instance, in *Die versunkene Glocke*.

What is the dominant quality that characterizes all Hauptmann's writing, from his *Promethidenlos*, written when he was twenty-two years old, to his latest plays? It is a note of profound sympathy with human suffering. In *Promethidenlos* he describes how his companions made sport of him, 'the crazy tow-headed youngster who shed tears and felt deep compassion for the poor and unfortunate.' And how they tried to cure him of his 'unmanly pity for mankind' by petty persecutions! Hauptmann's second work, that rare little collection of poems of his youth published under the title, *Das bunte Buch*, likewise breathes the same intense fellow feeling for the unfortunate.

And the same sentiment that pervades these almost forgotten writings of his youth continues to characterize his later work. The poet's youthful friends are unanimous in declaring that they never knew a man so sensitively conscious of social ills as Hauptmann. Like the hero of his *Promethidenlos*, his joy in life was turned to bitterness by the misery of others.

However, it is not merely human misery as a social mass-phenomenon that tortures Hauptmann's soul and colors all he writes. He is as keenly conscious of individual suffering. This sentiment reappears in manifold forms: as pity for the spiritual loneliness of Johannes Vockerath in his *Einsame Menschen;* as agony over the death of all that is good in man in the Scholz family of the *Friedensfest*, in *Fuhrmann Henschel*, and in *Rose Berndt;* as sympathy with the suffering caused by physical defects and their influence upon the soul, in the case of Arnold, Michael Kramer's son; as poignant fellow feeling with those who are cruelly disappointed in hopes in which they have placed childlike trust, as in *Der weisse Heiland*. We might summarize the spirit of Hauptmann's poetry, and at the same time the guiding principle of his life, in the words of Sophocles: 'I am not here to hate with you, but to love with you.' The poet beautifully expresses this sentiment in the preface he wrote last summer to Nansen's and Gor'kii's appeal in behalf of starving Russia: 'Let man be noble, helpful, and kind! Noble, helpful, and kind; the three words really mean the same thing. Nobility that is not helpful and kind would not be nobility. Readiness to help cannot exist without nobility. Neither can there be kindness without the desire to help others.'

These are not empty words in Hauptmann's case. Like Ida Buchner in his *Friedensfest*, he never sits in judgment. Like her he also is ever 'so tender, so pitying'; and to himself might apply what he says of Quint: 'It is astounding to see with what a gentle and skillful hand he touches everything.' His Keil says of Rose Berndt, who has killed her child: 'The poor girl, how she must have suffered!' And the forgiving spirit of the exclamation: 'What must a person have gone through before he reached the point where he became so evil!' is not merely expressed in such characters as Arnold Kramer or Frau Jette John; it shines through his own life.

Thus Hauptmann not only loves humanity but also loves individual men; and it is precisely the weak, the wandering, the misguided, those who have lost their way, who appeal most strongly to his heart. When only a child he planned writing a diary of Judas Iscariot, because there was nothing in the Bible outside the character of Jesus himself that so chained his interest as the question: 'What evil powers made

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his disciple of the Saviour a traitor?' So he lavishes his love upon the misguided, whether they be dissipated artistic geniuses like Crampton or Brauer, or a bully and murderer like Bruno Mechelke in the *Ratten*, or a bandit assassin in the *Winterballade*. Consciously or unconsciously he constantly preaches the Bible text: Though I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not love, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal.

Hauptmann's tenderness for the misguided has its source, not only in his profound human sympathy, but also in his solid scientific knowledge. During the late eighties he was an attentive student of psychiatry under Forel at Zurich, and ever since that time he has been a keen explorer of the dark twilight zone between mental health and mental illness. He has portrayed nervous exaltation, acute neurasthenia, and feminine hysteria with wonderful vividness and accuracy. Were I to cite definite examples, I should have to name almost everything that he has written, beginning with his short novel, *Der Apostel*, and *Vor Sonnenaufgang*.

But although Hauptmann is thoroughly grounded, not only in natural science, but in ethnology and history, and although he is a precise and clear reasoner, his true realm is the sphere of the emotions. Though there is not a trace of effeminacy in his nature, an almost feminine tenderness characterizes his temperament.

Therefore the sedulously propagated impression that Hauptmann is 'cold and distant,' that he 'wears the stony mask of an Olympian,' is as false as it is unkind. It was once whispered in literary circles that he envied the rising fame of his brother Charles, and tried to keep him in the background. Let me quote here two sentences from a letter that Hauptmann wrote me after his brother's death: 'A bright, clear flame glowed in my good brother's bosom. You have called him rightly a poet of marked genius. He was more than that, if I may say so. He was a fragment of the most inscrutable depths of the German soul.' Possibly the poet has been obliged to defend himself from too insistent people by a certain mask of formality. But it is a mask that he has worn unwillingly. In association with his intimate comrades and friends he is genial and unpretentious — indeed, a man of merry and youthful moods, despite his sixty years.

Notwithstanding his modesty in personal intercourse, Hauptmann is, however, conscious of his powers and his worth. When, in the stormy years of the early nineties, certain of his rivals enjoyed a brief period of popularity and were heralded as his superiors and successors, he was undisturbed, and merely commented with a smile: 'Let us wait and see who has the better wind.' A confidence abundantly justified by the event! At the same time Hauptmann has always been a willing and helpful friend to younger poets, and even to the very rivals whose works were sometimes acclaimed above his own.

Hauptmann is a man of unremitting industry. He labors untiringly to extend and deepen his knowledge of the world. Like Goethe, he is an insatiable reader in almost every field of literature and science; and he unceasingly revises his own writings.

There was a brief period when his vigor and his powers seemed to be on the wane. This was when Hauptmann was about fifty years old. At that time he published a few works written without his usual meticulous care — what a critic called 'trial proofs' instead of final impressions. Almost every year he wrote a new drama, in addition to minor pieces. These undoubtedly lacked that impress of genius, that power

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of transcending his own personality, which had characterized his earlier works. There is good reason to ascribe this to the distractions and contagious superficiality of Berlin social life — a social life that is at once a stimulant and a narcotic, and infects with its insidious poison all who are exposed for any length of time to its influence. To be sure, Hauptmann also enriched his experience with the manifold impressions of his Berlin sojourn. However, he is wholly himself only among his native hills and mountains, on the quiet shore of Hiddensee, or in the sunny South that draws him so irresistibly to itself. He was not unaware of this when he made Michael Kramer eulogize the artist as the true hermit, who is never really great except when he dwells alone with his art. And the shepherd song which he wrote in the middle nineties is a cry of despair at being shorn of his best by the mighty city.

But that period is now a thing of the past. With advancing years the poet has recovered the secret of his youth, whose nascent vigor once again flows through his veins, now stronger and maturer than before.

Hauptmann's philosophy of life is not easily expressed by a single formula. He is not always consistent and logical — let us be thankful for it! — but a man who, like all men, contradicts himself, a man to whom naught that applies to man is foreign. Christian love and Greek worship of beauty, German sensibility to nature and painstaking scientific accuracy, are all combined in Hauptmann. He writes in his *Griechischer Frühling:* 'We cannot do without earthly gods, although we are conscious of the one, the only, the unknown God who rules the All.' For him a Trinity conceived by hair-splitting theologians is not important, but the appealing form of Jesus, the kindly, the helpful Saviour, is the essential element of religion. Let me quote another passage from his *Griechischer Frühling:* 'Inevitably a man of deep religious instincts, brought up in the faith of Christ, will constantly come back to the character of the Saviour: His form was and still remains for me an invisible companion.'

Of late Hauptmann has devoted serious study to the life and teachings of Buddha. Here also the compassion and pity that characterize Buddhism seem to have been the magnet that attracts him. In his *Armer Heinrich*, we catch a faint suggestion of that doctrine:—

. . . Weltweisheit . . . und Religion
Hat einen tiefen Sinn gemeinsam: den,
Mit Gleichmut uns zu wappnen; eine Lehre:
Die, sich in Gottes Willen zu versenken,
Ganz willenlos.

(Worldly wisdom and religion have at bottom this in common: they teach us to bow submissively to the will of God.)

Thus Hauptmann, both as a man and as a poet courageously draws near the newly discovered coast that another dawn unveils to his eager vision.

We may expect much from the seventh decade of his life. We are promised *Till Eulenspiegel;* then a Utopia poem upon which he has been engaged for many years, and to which he usually devotes his autumn visit at Hiddensee. Last of all, we are promised a dream poem in tercets, or three-rhymed verse. A few intimate friends, who have been fortunate enough to learn something of these projects from Hauptmann himself, believe they will prove to be his greatest works. So we are justified in hoping that the time of the poet's life will be both an Indian summer and a new springtime, at once a period of young blossoms and ripe fruit. The first gleanings of this harvest, *Der Ketzer von Soana*, *Anna*, *Der weisse Heiland*, and *Das Opfer*, abundantly fulfill this promise.

Goethe used to say: 'In his old age a

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man possesses in abundance what he eagerly longs for in his youth.' This applies peculiarly to Germany's greatest poet, to the poet, of all her choir of singers, who comes nearest Goethe, who best comprehends Goethe, and who in many respects resembles him. Like Goethe he has ascended the heights of fame as by a predestined path. In one of his most brilliant Venetian epigrams Goethe thanks the gods, the friends of the poet, that they have bestowed so abundantly upon him what he required: a cozy shelter, good food, good drink, agreeable friends, spontaneous appreciation of art, and last of all good repute among the people: '*Ihr habt den glücklichsten Menschen ehestens fertig, denn ihr gönntet das meiste mir schon.*'

Hauptmann might say the same of himself. He, too, was born under a happy star. The dream of his youth, as told in *Promethidenlos*, was

Ein Dichter sein mit Strahlenkranz und Krone,
Bei dessen Tönen lauscht die ganze Welt.

(To be a poet with a radiant crown, to whose melodies the whole world listens.) This youthful dream has been fulfilled beyond Gerhart Hauptmann's fondest hopes.

And in the same way that affectionate admirers made pilgrimages from all parts of the earth to visit the aged Goethe, friends from Switzerland, England, America, and Japan now visit the poet's beautiful home in Agnetendorf. A Frenchman lately remarked there: 'We have won the war but Germany still has Hauptmann.'

MY FRIEND AT HARBIN

BY ALFONS PAQUET

[*The following article is an extract from a recent volume of* Tales Told at Sea *by this talented and popular author.*]

From *Österreichische Rundschau, May* 31
(Austrian Liberal Political and Literary Monthly)

Ziferblatt was a Jew, who had spent three years around Vladivostok with construction troops building fortifications. He was going home in an almost new black suit, and with two big wooden trunks for baggage. We were traveling with peasants and soldiers in the third class. I had crushed my hand on the steamer, and one of the clumsies in the car gave it a bad knock, so that I fainted from the pain. When I recovered consciousness, a crowd of fellows stood around staring at me. They did not understand German, so this Jew came out of a corner and took charge of me. After that we traveled together.

When we came to the beginning of a new division, I was going to buy a ticket, but Ziferblatt stopped me. He said they did not do that way in Russia. He had me give him half the ordi-

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nary price of a ticket and he squared the conductor. After that, we traveled without tickets.

Just after midnight, when the train was stopping on a siding in a wooded district, the conductor woke us up. He said an inspector had come on the train that met us there, and asked if we would please go and hide somewhere. He took the Jew to the mail car and found him a place in the air-brake chamber; he led me clear down to the locomotive, and said in a low voice: 'Robert Karlowitsch, here is a visitor for an hour, if you will be so kind.'

Two burly, bearded fellows looked out of the cab. Fire shone through the open fire-box door and lighted up their faces. I climbed aboard, the conductor showing me the steps. Almost immediately the bell rang; one of the fellows pulled the throttle, the steam hissed fearfully, and we surged slowly ahead through the forest like an ocean liner. Behind us trailed the train, rattling like a cargo of old iron; the brakes ground like a bass viol. Slowly we got under headway. The younger of the two men in the cab, an immense fellow with a blond beard, told me to 'sit up there' and pointed to the tender, where there was room on the firewood.

'Beg your pardon, I'd rather be in front,' I said; and while the two men were busy with their work I crept forward along the narrow running-board beside the boiler. I clung to the side rod until I got to the great headlight, and seated myself upon the platform over the front bogie. The iron beast stamped and shook and thrust his forehead deep into the cold night wind. The bright light, striking on the rails in the darkness, made them look like long flashes of lightning. On both sides towered the tall black forest. Birds would drive like bullets through the rays from the headlight. The clear sky stooped over us, her lap full of stars; behind us an incessant rumbling and thumping kept up as if I were the leader in a mysterious race.

Suddenly the fireman grasped me by the arm. 'What are you doing here?'

'What, can't I sit here?'

I took my cigarettes from my pocket and offered them to him.

'All right until the next station,' he said, 'but hang on. I don't smoke. Are you going far?'

'Fifteen days.'

'You're no Russian?'

'A German.'

'The devil you say — a German,' he shouted in that language; 'but I must get back behind; come along, come along.'

I clambered after him and dropped down into the cab, where his companion, his face gray with wood ashes, was seated at the throttle, chewing something and keeping a sharp lookout ahead through his window. He held his tea glass in one fist and the last bite of a cabbage pie in the other. I asked my big blond companion whether he was also a German. He opened the fire-box door, and flung a couple of large logs in, while a shower of sparks flew out, before he answered. He could not say he was really a German, but he was born in Trebizond of German parents; so he was a Turkish subject by birth, but was now in the Russian service on the Chinese Eastern Railway, and lived in Harbin. For four years he had not heard German spoken. I must tell him something of Germany.

'How are the railways there? Better than in Russia? What's that? Trains go fifty miles an hour? How are the houses and streets? No prairies! Just great big cities? Every child learns to read and write? That must be a fine country! It must be better there than in Siberia. What do they say about Russia there?' The fellow listened attentively to my answers. His face was an

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odd mixture of contentment, disgust with the world, and meditative contemplation. He kept glancing every moment or two at the fire, while his comrade watched us with open mouth.

At the next station we had a long halt. All three clambered down from the locomotive, my two companions puttering about the engine with their oil cans. The gray-headed engineer soon took his place again, but the big blond fireman and I walked up and down the train. Not another person was in sight. The train stood silent by the platform, like a long low house with close-shut windows. From one end of the station, where there was an open buffet, we heard a constant murmur. It was not until we drew near that we detected soldiers lying wrapped in their overcoats among their trunks and bundles, snoring loudly.

My companion was in a talkative mood. His name was Geinz or Heinz — he did not know exactly which. His father migrated to Turkey in the seventies, and later moved to a village in southern Russia. There were nine brothers in his family. He had been an apprentice in a machine shop, and finally had come to Siberia on account of a girl. He got a job on the railway and married the girl when he was twenty-two years old. He had just taken her to Vladivostok, so that she might go over to Japan and spend a few weeks with friends. His home was continually upset, as his mother had predicted it would be when he married a Russian girl. His mother was dead. Really he had no home. He knew nothing of Germany. He was as yet not even a Russian subject. He was waiting until the road should be finished to Peking, in order to get the first job open on a locomotive down there. 'You get good pay in China.'

It was now necessary for him to return to his locomotive, and me to my car. 'We'll see each other again in Harbin,' he said; and he invited me to spend a few days with him. However, I told him that I had a friend with me, and that we were continuing on the next train.

'Then both of you take breakfast with me at my home. I will show you the town afterward. I must talk German with you while I have a chance.'

I found Ziferblatt in our old compartment. He was lying down, sound asleep, with his legs stretched over his two great trunks. I awakened him and told him of my new acquaintance. He winked his left eye with great satisfaction, slapped me on the knee, and said: '*Schango, Schango.*' This coolie expression meant with him a high degree of satisfaction, and he immediately fell asleep again. People lay packed like sardines in all sorts of uncomfortable positions, wrapped in overcoats or blankets. The air was horribly bad, and it was as dark as in the bottom of a coal mine. I looked out of the window for a while. We were now traveling among low barren hills, brilliantly illumined by the moon. Just as I fell asleep, the first indications of a misty dawn appeared across a green swampy prairie. At eight o'clock, on a glorious sunny morning, we arrived in Harbin.

I hastened forward to the locomotive and waited for Robert Karlowitsch, who came at once. He shook hands with me and Ziferblatt, and guided us out of the railway station, and past a long row of new structures lying close to the track. Then we turned to one side across a square, where we saw the mud huts of Chinese coolies. At last we came to a group of small, ordinary brick cottages, none of which seemed to be completed. Not a human being was in sight. The streets were as monotonous as in a London suburb. We entered a little dooryard, whereupon a dirty Chinaman who had been sleep-

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ing on the ground in the sunshine sprang up and ran away. He had a long pole over his shoulders, at the ends of which baskets hung. Soon he was calling shrilly: 'Eggs for sale.'

We clambered over a half-finished porch in front of the door, into an unswept room. Our guide pushed a thin woollen hanging to one side and called, 'Anastasia!' We could hear noises, as if someone were working in the kitchen. He called two or three times before Anastasia appeared. She was a half-grown, carelessly dressed girl, apparently suffering from toothache; she had a piece of shawl bound around her pale face. She stared at us, her black expressive eyes wide open from astonishment. Karlowitsch said to her: 'Say good morning to my guests. This is a gentleman from abroad, and the other one, Mosjo Ziferblatt. Unfortunately they are leaving for Russia this afternoon. Make us some tea. I will tell you in a minute what to get for breakfast.'

She disappeared again into the kitchen. Robert took us through a bedchamber — a little room containing nothing but a bed, two chairs, a washstand, and a pile of clothing on the floor — to another room with whitewashed walls. It served as a general living-room. A Japanese umbrella hung from the ceiling. A commode with a Chinese scarf and two vases filled with peacock feathers, three bamboo stools, and a box by the window that served as a table, completed the furniture of this apartment. Karlowitsch called me to the commode. Between the peacock feathers were a petroleum lamp and two red-plush photograph frames, containing pictures of his absent wife. One showed her in winter furs with snowflakes flying about, the other in provincial finery. She was a pretty, attractive woman. Karlowitsch remarked dryly: 'Anastasia is her sister.'

First the girl brought a basin of water for us to wash, and an old clothes-brush with which we tried in vain to remove the dust we had gathered during our journey. A little later she brought in three large dishes: one heaped full of boiled eggs; another with sliced tomatoes heavily peppered; the third with little poppy cakes, the way the Chinese bake them. She also brought us pretzels, — likewise covered with poppy seed, —strung on a string, and a carafe of *zubrovka* (spirits) with long dark spears of a grass that gave it a greenish shimmer.

We began to eat. Our host hardly gave us time to breathe. He kept saying we were not eating enough, pushed the dishes over toward us, and kept our glasses filled with zubrovka, which had a pleasant taste from the herb it contained. Most of the eggs were rotten, but we laid those aside and tried again. Finally, after each of us had disposed of eight eggs, the same number of tomatoes, half a dozen glasses of zubrovka, and an indefinite quantity of pretzels, Anastasia brought the samovar, which was a dilapidated contrivance that no longer worked properly. However, we ultimately got a glass of hot strong tea apiece. When we had drunk this in silence, Robert Karlowitsch rose to show us the town.

We walked down a broad street, laid out with posts through the middle of the open fields, past the high wooden fence of the Chinese police station, and came to a market that consisted of two or three rows of low booths with Chinese signs, tall white flag-poles, and clothing waving in the dusty wind. One Chinaman tried to sell us some kind of great green bird in a cage, another some improper photographs. But we did not stop, and we soon reached the Russian business quarter, which consisted of new two-story brick buildings. Furniture and bedding were

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heaped about, even in the middle of the street; riders and carts were threading their way slowly between them. Ziferblatt was suddenly intercepted by a wild-eyed stranger of his race, who persuaded him to desert us, though he promised to meet us two hours later at the station. We found silk, tea, and ivory were remarkably cheap at Harbin, and he had taken a notion to buy a quantity of those commodities to sell at a good profit in Russia.

Robert Karlowitsch took me to the shop of a Chinaman, Yun-Chew-Shan. His building was filled with silks and other fabrics, bamboo goods, and lacquer wares. We were shown raw silks as heavy as canvas, and brilliantly colored silks as thin as paper. But we bought nothing. Next door was a tea shop — a little room where we saw all kinds of tea kept in beautiful porcelain receptacles, rows of red chests, and brightly painted wooden boxes, as carefully arranged as if they were valuable volumes in a fine library. In a neighboring shop a Japanese showed us embroidery, silks, dresses, shoes, ebony articles, bamboo boxes, swords, painted fans, and carved walking-sticks. He twisted the handle of one of the latter and drew out a sharp sword; then, removing the handle from the sword, he disclosed a curious ivory carving concealed inside it. We descended into a basement store belonging to a Pole, where we saw great baskets and bins of grapes, melons, nuts, and California apples. Here, however, we merely drank a bottle of kvass, and asked the prices on other things. The proprietor had real Jamaica rum and whiskey for eighty kopecks a bottle, and Manila cigars for half a ruble a box. Robert Karlowitsch insisted these were stolen goods.

We then climbed up on the high fill that carries the tracks of a freight spur along the banks of the Sungari River. Steamboats lay on the yellow water, and Chinese junks were lazily drifting down the stream. We met a Chinaman, clothed in rags, who grinned broadly when he saw us. He carried a green box under his arm. When we came up he squatted down between the rails, took a bundle of white shirts from the box, spread them out and offered us the whole lot for two rubles — and before we left, with a despairing voice, for one ruble.

From there we had a view over the city. Its metal roofs glistened like silk in the midday sun. Below us a number of unfinished houses that had not yet received their doors and windows, but had been left untouched for a long period, looked like ruins. We descended to the district where they stood. It was like a city of ghosts. The little gardens were weed-grown and deserted, except for a tiny oasis of bright-green sod at one point. This was dotted with yellow asters and ornamental plants. A Chinaman was creeping about the place, irrigating it with a hose. We clambered over stones and ditches to the summit of a neighboring hill. It was crowned by a log building with wooden towers, joined by chains, and surmounted by Russian crosses. The place was inclosed by an iron fence, and before the gate were two Chinese cannon captured during the Boxer War. Here we again met people, coming from all directions on foot and in vehicles. The bells of a little chapel were ringing almost without interruption. Two men descended from a droshky. One had a little coffin in his arms, covered with bright-blue crape. A crowd of children approached from the opposite direction, followed by a few grown people. Four little girls in light dresses were carrying a tiny open coffin of rose-colored wood. The body of a little girl, with a bouquet of withered Chinese asters in her hand, lay inside. A child

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walked ahead of the procession, carrying the cover of the coffin on his head.

We entered the church with this party. In spite of the midday heat, it was thronged with people. The sun shone through the colored windows in the log walls. The incense, the glow of the candles reflected from the golden timbers, and the chanting of the funeral service by the priest gave me a dreamy feeling. A choir began to sing, and the people knelt, crossed themselves, and wept. In a corner before golden icons were death-offerings upon a little covered table: valuable dishes filled with nuts and sweets, and next to them a common plate holding a humble offering of rice and plums, or tomatoes in paper boxes. In the midst of the throng were four little coffins standing upon stools. But Robert Karlowitsch plucked me by the arm and we silently left.

We were out again in the blazing sunlight. The good fellow wanted me to have a glass of beer with him before returning to the station. So he took me down to the end of the street, where there was a house with a big, half-carpeted room. Here, opposite a large buffet carved in Chinese fashion and stocked with bright-colored flasks of liquor, men were laying the foundations for a stage. A small glass case, filled with confectionery, fans, and similar trifles, stood in one corner. A few tables with white cloths were scattered about the roomy place. At one of them sat two guests — an old emaciated Armenian with a keen intelligent countenance, and a short, thick fellow, wearing a walking coat lined with silk, who looked like an actor. At another table near the end of the room were three young ladies in traveling costume. Apparently they had just come in. Their hand bags and bundles stood on the floor near them. One of the girls sat with her head supported by her left hand and ate a midday meal. A second was reposing almost half her length on the table and appeared to be asleep. The third was leaning back, smoking a cigarette with a bold and defiant look. She seemed to be waiting for the two men — who were talking in a low voice to each other — to say something; and her irritated countenance indicated there was trouble brewing. We sat down some distance away and ordered two bottles of beer. Desiring to pay the bill myself, I went to the buffet, where I found to my astonishment that the charge was two rubles. When I came back Karlowitsch was very angry because I had paid. So we drank our beer quickly, and it was not until we were outdoors again, on our way to the station, that my guest recovered his good humor.

At the station we saw hundreds of workers camped in the open air, their tools stacked in a great heap in their midst. People were crowding around the booths, buying rice, bread, and pickles. Every entrance to the cars was blocked with people. Chinamen were pressing their noses against the glass panes. But Ziferblatt leaned out of a car window and beckoned us. Robert stood with us a while. He was very quiet, and I understood the reason. We had become friends and would never meet again. The Jew had his two trunks in our compartment, and showed us his purchases: a couple of pieces of silk and a dozen ivory boxes inlaid with mother-of-pearl, costing twelve rubles each. He asked me to stick three of these boxes in my pocket when we passed the customhouse. He had already made friends with two soldiers in the car, each of whom was to take three boxes in his haversack. The rest he would get through in his own trunk.

I must relate what happened with the two soldiers later. They did in fact take through the customs the six ivory

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boxes entrusted to them; but when we hunted for the gentlemen later they were nowhere to be found. Ziferblatt had to stop over at a little Siberian way-station, to see if they would come by the next train twenty-four hours later. That deprived me of my traveling companion sooner than I expected, and I do not know whether the two soldiers ultimately turned up again or not.

The incident was unfortunate for Ziferblatt in another way. He had carefully planned his whole journey so as to arrive home at the time of the Jewish feast of reconciliation. His delay, waiting for the soldiers, disturbed his whole itinerary; but his eagerness to get back his ivory caskets, which had cost him heavily from his hard-earned savings, was greater than his 'obedience to the law.'

As to my friend the locomotive engineer — just before our train left Harbin I gave him my little pocket-compass as a memento. He pulled out his silk handkerchief and stuck it in my pocket. We shook hands for the last time. After the station had receded in the distance, I discovered on my seat a tidy little bundle. It contained sugar and cookies and a card with the inscription: 'Greetings to the Outside World.'

ARTOIS 1915

BY RAYMOND LEFEBVRE

[More than three years ago Raymond Lefebvre, one of the most brilliant and promising of the younger radical writers of France, was lost in the Arctic Ocean. The following notes were found among his papers. They date from the last weeks of 1915.]

From *Clarté, August* 2
(PARIS RADICAL-PACIFIST WEEKLY).

HERE are the Artois trenches at nightfall: dismal, pale stretches of pebbles and mud; short, lugubrious flashes from bursting shells; tortuous obscurity; quagmires of passages; monotonous wailings of the wind; the terror of a vicious desert full of traps. My gaze searches the narrow, empty horizon and finds no one; now and then someone brushes past with a kettle of soup on his shoulders — a man of the liaison service; but all the time there reigns the rigorous silence of a cloister. Where are all those hundreds of thousands of men? . . . All of a sudden — an explosion, almost next to me. My eyes try to penetrate the blackness, but everything remains hidden; it is impossible to see what has produced this infernal noise and concussion.

The vague spaces that surround us suggest a strange, fabulous land of harrowing secrets and absurd rancors. They are like an engraving by Doré: a Hell without the endless continuity of infernal regions — a limited, mysterious and cruel inferno.

I am here, too, with the soul of a cowardly savage, armed with his low cunning, noting all the little noises and

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studying intently my surroundings. I hasten toward the little village in the rear; it is under fire, to be sure, but it is a relatively quiet spot — a sort of vestibule to this realm of damnation.

December 15. — Last night, in my den, I had dinner with two men from the 138th infantry — a soldier and a young lieutenant. Before the lieutenant arrived, the soldier had a moment to talk openly. This is what he said: —

'You can't imagine — there are moments when it is only sheer cowardice that keeps us from suicide. . . . The other day we decided to end it all. The mud was above our waists. No food could be brought up from the rear any longer. In case of an attack we should have been at the mercy of the Boches, and they would have mowed us down with machine-gun fire the way they did before.

'Well, we came out of the trenches, all at a time, and waited for the Boches to fire — almost glad to finish it all, you know. You don't imagine — I myself, when I think of it now — Well — the Boches did not fire (we should have fired, had we been in their places). They just shouted with joy: "*Ach, ach!*" and they all came out. One big fellow clasped my hand with an "Ach!" "Hello, old scout," I said to him; and I offered him cigarettes, and he offered me his big cigars.

'That's the way it was. . . . The captain, back in the trench, was yelling to us to come back quick, saying that this fraternizing was prohibited by the general, that we had been told so before, and that we ought to know better. But we just sneered back: "Wait . . . Going to dry ourselves first." He threatened to shoot — which he would never do; he is n't a bad sort of old boy. But all of a sudden he felt himself on the warpath, and began talking about the colonel, and telephoned the colonel finally. . . . The colonel, who was safe in his den, back there, sitting in an armchair and warming his feet before the fire, replied: "I thank you for letting me know; I'm telephoning the battery." Ah, *mon vieux!* The artillerists, I tell you, are worse than the Boches, and they would have obeyed all right, dirty things that they are. The captain warned us that they would — and — well, we scurried back, having warned the Boches and shaken hands with them. Two minutes later, the seventy-fives were raining all over the place.

'It's true, they stopped them right away, they did. But I tell you, it is n't the kind of thing that helps discipline.'

Then came the lieutenant — a Saint-Cyr man and an officer with a career ahead of him. After a few minutes' chat he let me lead the conversation to the same topic and said: —

'We are fighting the Boches, sir, that is perfectly true. I don't esteem myself any less for that. But can you imagine that the other day we were fraternizing? My men were quite a distance away, and the *oberleutnant* and I greeted each other and told each other to feel perfectly free to dry ourselves a little in the open air. It was real old-time courtesy.'

Poor creatures! They rebel sometimes all of a sudden, under the strain of too abominable suffering; but they slink back to their kennels, their tails between their legs, as soon as the shepherd pretends to pick up a stone. A false hatred, easy to peel off with a finger nail! How abominably ridiculous these attacks, where gangs of men spring at each others' throats without hatred, without even faith in their cause, in a cowardly way, driven forward by terror of their own cannon, which projects them headlong, like senseless missiles, toward the enemy. A hierarchy of terror: the ridiculous, good-natured captain whose men did

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not heed his orders; and who, nevertheless, dared not appeal to their patriotism or risk using love of country for an argument, because he feared this might prove futile.

Let there be no mistake. What might have been, in case of the two officers, a revival of the 'courteous' war of aristocratic armies, is an altogether different matter with the proletariat. With them, it has awakened a feeling that will eventually spell the doom of armies and fatherlands. If these workmen and peasants truly believed in the war, they would not shake hands with the enemy. Conscious of this, the captain, standing back in his muddy trench and peeping out at his men fraternizing with the Germans, does not know what to do, but finally reminds them that they are disobeying orders. After that he warns the colonel, and the colonel appeals to the France of the Rear — the artillery.

Two weeks ago a whole French batallion surrendered themselves as war prisoners to the Germans, following the example of a German company who had been facing them and did the same thing the day before. One morning the commandant telephoned to find out whether the patrols had made their rounds. No answer. He sent an estafette to inquire the reason and the man came back dumbfounded: 'Sir — there's no one left. They did what the Boches did yesterday.'

I cross-questioned the men of the neighboring batallion, who told me this adventure. I have put the question to them definitely: 'Do you prefer a brilliant victory after one more year of war, or a peace right away, and no winner?' 'Peace, sure enough. Our own skins first. After all, it's possible to make one's living in Boche-land just as well as here.'

But that is not the real question, and I did not ask them the real one. It is not life or death for France, nor life or death for Germany. It is Europe that is at stake. This is what the men of the trenches, of the muddy holes, have come to realize.

December 25, 1915. — A taught hatred does not keep well. It gives the lie to itself quickly; it is poor quality; it shows the wirepuller behind the screen. Yesterday some of our men, returning from the trenches, and some German prisoners, fell into each others' arms crying over their common misery. Gendarmes finally separated these combatants of yesterday, who have never hated each other. However, they were all patriots; none of them was a convinced antimilitarist. No matter how dazzling the war halo that shines over the head of the Fatherland — the simple eye at length discerns the brow of Cain. . . .

A new Dance of the Dead. — Woe to the mothers of the strong, woe to the wives of the robust; blessed the outcasts, the invalids, the legless, the humpbacks. At least, they shall live.

They will live, surrounded by the hatred and the envy of the widows and the mothers. . . . The *embusqués!* But most of all, blessed the invalids of war — The honored survivors! What a strange suicidal frenzy incites them to display for public admiration their pains, their stumps, their mourning; to throw their sufferings, as a reproach, into the faces of those who have not yet suffered from the same cause — of the *embusqués.*

'Embusqué, you have n't gone in yet! At your age! My sons are all dead, sir! All of them! My three sons! Are n't your parents ashamed?'

'How did your son die, madame?'

'Typhoid.'

'Ah! So that was one more *embusqué.* Mine is not dead, madame, he was killed in the Argonne!'

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Oh, let them all go in, this race of crazed imbeciles! There will yet come a day when the intellectuals and the rulers will have no cannon fodder at their disposal.

For the greater number of the combatants heroism does not exist. The battle, the attack, is for them the most disagreeable, the most dreaded, manifestation of the war.

'The campaign would n't be so bad if there was not the enemy,' the soldiers often say. 'The rest of the time we eat all there is on the farms, so that the pigs of Boches don't find anything when they come along. And' — here a sweeping gesture follows — 'when I want a glass of wine, I take my bayonet and make a hole in a barrel — let all the rest of it pour out! Like a grand duke! . . .'

Trench-war has clouded the intellect; and a futile, childish melancholy — acute at times but always present subconsciously — has oppressed for long months the spirits of those at the front. . . .

There is no more family love — little left of the passionate desire to read letters from home. Monotonous shifting of trenches to the rear lines; little daily occupations of hermit life; little Robinson Crusoe ingenuities; the sudden fear of bombardment — and physical suffering that changes according to temperature.

The Epopee!

Life is dragging on. The Germans are there, in front of us, at a distance of fifty metres, and they are doing the same things, they are thinking the same things that we are — which means doing and thinking nothing. And this has continued for an entire year.

What a long line of stops and suspensions! It's because ever since the fifteenth of September the history of this campaign may well be written as endless rows of dots — signs of suspension — upon an interminable number of pages — and in red ink.

Here is, not what I have seen, but what thirteen hundred creatures, more dead than alive, pitiful, with a clammy tongue and a staggering gait, greenish-pale and dirty, have all told me, with an endless variety of individual expression and feeling.

. . . . . .

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GREAT DEEDS AND GREAT ART

BY ST. JOHN ERVINE

From the *Observer*, *July* 30
(MIDDLE-GROUND LIBERAL SUNDAY PAPER)

How easily we are deceived by magnitude! We say that London is the greatest city in the world when we mean that it is the biggest, and are capable of thinking that New York is more interesting than Athens because it probably contains more people than were to be found in the whole of Greece. As if seven million men were more interesting than seven men! As if fifty square miles were more interesting than one square mile!

This vague belief in the greatness of bigness is responsible for the complaint sometimes made that the Great War has not provoked a great literature. People go about demanding where the great novel, the great picture, the great play, the great poem of the war are to be found, and then, because these immortalities cannot immediately be discovered, wag their heads solemnly and murmur that things are not what they were. Others, in a mood of deeper despair, say that the war was too immense to be contained within a work of art. The imagination, stunned by numbers, collapses before a conflict engaging millions of men, but is able, seemingly, to grapple with a conflict engaging only some thousands! That argument drives me to derision. An oak tree is not more difficult to understand than an acorn. A million men are neither more nor less interesting than one man.

There is no reason why a war in which many huge armies are engaged should stimulate the imagination to a higher degree than a war in which only some hundreds of soldiers are engaged. Those who utter complaints because the Great War has not yet furnished a great artist with material for a great work of imagination are surely forgetting that what we call the Great War may appear to historians to be no more than a vulgar brawl on a large scale, begun by paranoiacs and continued by fools; forgetting, too, that its mere vastness is insufficient in itself to make it attractive to the imagination; forgetting most of all that other conflicts have been greatly celebrated by men who lived long after the conflict was over and the argument was settled. The Napoleonic Wars were celebrated in great poetry by Mr. Hardy nearly a century after they were ended. Tolstoi did not write *War and Peace* until the struggle it indicts had become a faded memory.

The people who expected a great work of art to be born of the Great War within a year or two of its end remind me of an incident in Mr. James K. Hackett's production of *Macbeth* a year or two ago. Mrs. Patrick Campbell, who played Lady Macbeth, read Macbeth's letter, supposed to have been hastily scribbled to her while the fight was being fought, from a large illuminated scroll which would probably have employed the energies of an entire monastery for a month! . . .

It is, perhaps, obvious that the war, if it is to be greatly celebrated at all, may not be expressed in a work of genius until all of us are dead, and the incorrigible romanticism of mankind

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has made it appear like a spree. But there is also the possibility, less obvious, that it may never be greatly expressed by anybody. Is it not astounding to observe the inadequacy of the War Memorials to represent the spirit of those who took part in the war? The Cenotaph was designed by an artist who had great difficulty in preventing the politicians from marring it. No one who compares it with the vast majority of War Memorials scattered up and down the land can be oblivious to the fact that it is unique in its nobility.

Ibsen believed that an artist cannot express himself greatly until he has experienced deep sorrow. 'I had a burning desire,' he wrote in a letter to a friend, 'I almost prayed, for a great sorrow which might round out my existence and give life meaning.' We are prepared, perhaps, to believe that great poets and great painters, great dramatists and great novelists, cannot yet, and may never, have their imagination stimulated by an immense war; but surely, we ask, the common sorrow of mankind must find expression in monuments worthy of it? And then we go past St. Martin's Church and look at the memorial to Nurse Cavell! If we turn from the memorials to the dead to the medals for the living, what are we to think of the creative impulse stirred by the war when we look at the Service Medal and the Victory Medal, each of which might have been given away with a pound of inferior chocolates?

And so we find, as we seek to solve this queer tangle of things, that great occasions are really very simple occasions, and that great art springs from common emotions made perfectly clear. Rubens takes a fat old woman in a market place and makes her immortal. Velasquez transfigures the commonplace, not by pretending that it is rare, but by realizing that it is common. Meredith belittled Dickens and derided Mr. Pickwick, — 'the essence of cockneydom,' — who could never survive in a world which contained Don Quixote. It was queer criticism which denied perpetuity to a figure which could be described as the essence of anything, but surely the most striking commentary on Meredith's statement is that Dickens still flourishes while Meredith himself is under a cloud.

Mr. Hardy, whose supremacy in his world becomes more clear as we get more closely acquainted with his work, has expressed in a poem what I am trying to express in this article: —

Only a man harrowing clods
In a slow, silent walk
With an old horse that stumbles and nods,
Half asleep as they stalk.

Only thin smoke without flame
From the heaps of couch grass;
Yet this will go onward the same
Though Dynasties pass.

Yonder a maid and her wight
Come whispering by:
War's annals will cloud into night
Ere their story die.

It may be very disconcerting to the neurotic Nietzscheans who mistake convulsions for genius to be told that their epileptic Cæsars and Napoleons, and their paranoiac Kaisers, are not good material for works of art; but need we do more with the neurotic Nietzscheans than hustle them into the lunatic asylums? We delude ourselves if we believe that when the artists make use of the war they must necessarily treat it as a great occasion, or regard its principal figures as men of heroic stature. It may very well be that, when the great epic of 1914 is written, its impulse will have sprung from the heart of a common soldier, its hero will be an undistinguished man who served and suffered and died and

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was unknown. For all men are contained in one man, and the one likeliest to be the most heroic may be the commonest member of the crowd.

None of us can establish himself in dignity and valor by taking thought; and perhaps we are unlikely to breed heroes in a generation that bears a banner with the strange device, 'Safety First.' But whether that be so or not, we have seen before, and will see again, that greatness comes upon a man like a thief in the night. Philip of Spain 'honored' Velasquez by sitting to him: Velasquez immortalized Philip by painting him. So it may be with the war. The captains and the kings depart; but somewhere, unfolding himself from the clouds, a little common man, bewildered by events but manfully enduring his fate, may be seen to be the hero of it all.

'THE MYTH OF ARTHUR'

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

[*English Review*]

O LEARNED man who never learned to learn,
Save to deduce, by timid steps and small,
From towering smoke that fire can never burn
And from tall tales that men were never tall.
Say, have you thought what manner of man it is
Of whom men say 'He could strike giants down'?
Or what strong memories over time's abyss
Bore up the pomp of Camelot and the crown;
And why one banner all the background fills
Beyond the pageants of so many spears,
And by what witchery in the western hills
A throne stands empty for a thousand years;
Who hold, unheeding this immense impact,
Immortal story for a mortal sin;
Lest human fable touch historic fact,
Chase myths like moths, and fight them with a pin —
Take comfort; rest — there needs not this ado,
You shall not be a Myth, I promise you.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

ONE NIGHT THERE CAME TO RAVENSTONE

BY A. NEWBERRY CHOYCE

[*New Witness*]

ONE night there came to Ravenstone
A ragged man with quiet eyes
Desiring naught save bread and cheese,
But he was curiously wise.

For now he spake of government —
And now he spake philosophy —
And now he stayed all dumb because
A sudden bird sang in a tree.

I think the earth meant more to him
Far more to him than met the eye;
And at the dark I saw him love
The stars a long while in the sky.

And at the dawning he had gone
In tatters on, and I dare say
A dandelion in his coat
For a gold button all the way.

VISTA DEL MARE

BY WILFRID THORLEY

[*New Witness*]

[*Genzano lies on the Appian Way running southward from Rome, and is celebrated for its wines and the beauty of its women. It looks out from a spur of rock over the untilled plain stretching toward Civita Vecchia, the ancient port of the Emperor Trajan, with the sleek but scarcely visible Mediterranean beyond it.*]

GENZANO wines are good wines, Genzano girls are chaste.
Genzano from its hilltop looks out across the waste.
And as you sip the white wine or as you sip the red,
Far, far away a beam of light,
A faint and furtive gleam of light
As hazy as a dream of light,
Shines forth and then is fled.

Genzano lads are brave lads, Genzano mules are strong;
In painted carts, with nodding plumes, they draw the wines along.
And if the load be full casks or empty ones and light,
The lads they drive their cattle on
Where Romans once did battle on
The dusty road, and rattle on
From morning until night.

Genzano town has proud men; in palaces they dwell,
And gaze across the waste land below their citadel;
And whether they be single or husband a good lass,
The gladness all men ask of wine
Is theirs in many a cask of wine,
Or wicker-waisted flask of wine
They tilt into the glass.

Genzano girls have long locks and wavy locks and black
That lie in coils upon the head or twisted down the back.
Their eyes are shining darkness, a mine that 's full of fire;
Like fillies with their tails adrift
They walk amid the males adrift,
And see them not. The sails adrift
Are all their eyes desire.

Genzano girls are lovely. I know on what they muse.
It is n't on the wine-casks and whence they are or whose;
But why they flaunt a red cheek or why they hide a pale
Is that far-shining beam of light,
The faint and furtive gleam of light
As hazy as a dream of light,
That shows a lover's sail.

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A NEW ACCOUNT OF VOLTAIRE AT FERNEY

COUNT D'HAUSSONVILLE communicates to the *Journal de Genève* a hitherto unpublished letter describing Voltaire's retreat at Ferney. The letter, which he found among old papers in the Château de Coppet, is unfortunately without signature, and its meaning is not always clear; but it appears to have been written by someone intimately acquainted with Voltaire. Its genuineness is not questioned.

Says the unknown writer: —

FERNEY, *September* 18.

We arrived here on Thursday, my dear friend, after having been on the way four days and a half. I got some fun out of the trip through the mountains because of the curious situations, but in the end I was bored. I did not sleep during the journey and was very glad to see the château where we were to dwell. We came through the village of Ferney, which afforded us an interesting array of charmingly built houses, well-dressed inhabitants, and no peasants. I learn that M. Voltaire has profited by the difficulties at Geneva to draw the discontented workers over to himself and that he has secured a population of 1000 for his village. I saw the parish church beside the château, which M. Voltaire built in 1762, and on which one sees in big letters, *Deo erexit Voltaire.*

The master was away when we arrived, but everyone pressed forward to help us and spoke of him only as one speaks of a beneficent deity. When he appeared he greeted us with the most tender evidences of friendship, said a hundred flattering things to me, and talked until midnight with all the charm of which he is capable. This man, who in his youth was so mettlesome that he passionately believed philosophy destined him for reform, has made the most vigorous struggles to overcome the violence of his nature. The most enlightened of men has become the kindliest and most companionable.

I have been walking with him in his gardens for the last two hours. He knows how to enjoy the charm of the countryside, and the author of the *Henriade* watches with interest the peasants at work and learning cultivation. I shall not try to describe the good he has done his country. Legal proceedings are unknown in his village and his decision halts disputes of every kind.

The people of Geneva do not want to allow players within their borders. The company from Dijon have established themselves on the French frontier, half a league from Geneva, and the citizens go thither for amusement every day, in spite of the magistrates. The manager of the company has managed to attract Le Kain, who was traveling in the vicinity and who wanted to see M. Voltaire. Yesterday we had *Mahomet* and to-morrow *Semiramide.* Le Kain did n't want to take any money from the manager and said quite frankly that he was doing homage to M. Voltaire. I expect to spend six delightful weeks with this great man, who is busier to-day with the goodness of his heart than with his mind. He gave me nine volumes of encyclopædic questions this morning. Tell me what you want so that I can buy it for you in Geneva. . . .

DAME GENEVIEVE WARD

'GENEVIEVE WARD was essentially a live woman,' says the London *Daily Telegraph,* in commenting on the recent death of the aged American favorite of the British stage, 'no moody dweller in the days that were dead, no conservative disciple of past times.' Perhaps these qualities explain why, at the age of eighty-three, she was still able to act Volumnia in *Coriolanus* with such imperative power that, according to a critic who was in the audience, 'hardened theatregoers, compelled to

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tears by her magnetic force, rose from their seats in a body at the end of the performance.' And of this, the next to her last impersonation, the same critic wrote: 'Of all the performers in the play, hers was the most beautiful voice. Clear as a bell it toned the great sentences, while her delicate white hands emphasized the wonder of the spoken word.'

This descendant of an American Revolutionary soldier — who died as a stage favorite of the English-speaking world and a Dame Commander of the Order of the British Empire — lived a life more romantic than any tale. The extraordinary story of her marriage, the years of her operatic success, followed by the sudden and tragic failure of her voice, the bitter struggle as a teacher of singing, the hard fight for recognition as a tragic actress, the years of theatrical success, and finally her amazing return to the stage at the age of seventy-eight (because 'I liked it'), followed by further successes at eighty-three and at eighty-four — all these make up a lifetime that has few parallels, even in the most romantic of professions.

This stage veteran was born on Broadway, New York, in 1837, a descendant of General Ward of the American Revolutionary Army. Her father was in the American diplomatic service, and from the time she was two until she was fifteen she traveled over most of the world. While she was in Southern Italy, a girl of sixteen, she received much attention from a Russian nobleman, Count Constantine de Guerbel, to whom she was married after the American Embassy at St. Petersburg had investigated the character of her future husband and had reported favorably.

Scarcely was the ceremony over when the Embassy's error became painfully apparent. The pair had not been married by the ecclesiastical ceremony o the Greek Orthodox Church, the only one recognized by Russian law, and when the Count presently returned to Russia his bride, left behind in Italy found that her husband was about to marry the rich daughter of the Count ess Schakoshkine. The young wife followed her recreant spouse to Russia and by infinite tact obtained an interview with Prince Dolgorouk, who stood very close to the Tsar himself. From the Prince she demanded the sanction of her marriage by the Greek Church.

As an upshot of this interview, an Imperial ukase ordered the recreant bridegroom to Warsaw, where he remarried his bride in the Greek Cathedral and with the rite of the Orthodox Church. It is said that her father and her brother stood at the altar, each with a revolver discreetly concealed in his pocket, lest the Count again prove troublesome. In the Russian marriage-service the bride and the bridegroom each holds a lighted candle; and witnesses of the wedding observed that the one in the hand of the Count de Guerbel burned ill and shook badly, whereas that in the hand of the future actress burned with a clear flame, as though held in the hand of a statue.

'Why, your daughter is in black, and it looks like a funeral,' whispered one of the groomsmen to the mother.

'I consider it a funeral,' she replied grimly.

Before the agitated bridegroom could claim his bride, the doubly married wife was en route with her relatives to the frontier, so that the vengeance he might have wreaked in Russia was forever denied him. Only once did he seek to claim her in Paris, where the French court decreed that aliens on French soil could not be compelled to live together

With her own living to earn, Miss Ward — for, though she never sought a divorce and was called Ginevra Guerra-

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ella, she can hardly have cared for the itle of Countess de Guerbel — turned o the operatic stage. Young girl as he was, she succeeded in so trying a ôle as Lucrezia Borgia. When she nade her début at La Scala, one of her ld teachers organized a cabal to hiss s she came on the stage; but the public vere with her and the cabal failed. 'resently no less a person than Rossini vas expressing interest in her, and in is last interview with her he suggested hat she try *Semiramide*. 'Tell them I ay no one can sing it better, and no ne look it so well, *regina mia*.' Mario ppeared with her in *Don Giovanni* nd she had successes in *Il Trovatore* nd *I Puritani*, *La Traviata*, *La Figlia el Reggimento*, and *Un Ballo in Mashera*. London, New York, and Buchaest were added to her triumphs. Then ame an illness, the complete failure f her voice — and the end of an operic career.

For years she struggled along as a ocal teacher with family reverses to dd to her burdens. She studied for the ramatic stage, where her operatic exerience was part help, part hindrance; nd in 1873 she had her first opportuity to show her qualities as a tragic ctress. She added to her reputation s Constance in *King John* and won urther success in such rôles as Medea, drienne Lecouvreur, Juliana, and ueen Katherine in the Calvert proluction of *Henry VIII*. She played ebecca in *Ivanhoe* at Drury Lane, ady Macbeth in perfect French in aris, — her childhood years of travel tanding her in good stead, — and in 878 came to New York for the first ime in drama. Her name is forever inked with *Forget-Me-Not*, by F. C. rove and Herman Merivale, in which he first appeared August 21, 1879. orbes-Robertson, Irving, Beerbohm ree, and Benson were among the disinguished actors with whom she played.

At seventy-eight she returned to the stage as the haughty, cynical old duchess in Mrs. Clifford Mills's play, *The Basker*. It was Sir George Alexander who persuaded the aged actress to return to the stage, and, as she then declared: 'I had no intention of acting again, but the war strain, the sitting in the house alone reading, the knitting socks for the men at the front and playing patience, all got on my nerves, strong as they are. When, therefore, Alexander offered me a rôle in his new production at the Saint James, I said that if I liked it I would accept it; and I did like it.'

A year later she appeared in Louis N. Parker's drama of the French Revolution, *The Aristocrat*. When she was eighty-three she opened the Shakespeare Birthday Festival at the Old Vic by appearing as Volumnia in *Coriolanus*, and a year later thrilled those highly critical audiences by her amazing vitality as Margaret of Anjou in *Richard III*.

❦

AN ANCIENT PASTIME

THE exact origin of the game of cards is concealed in the obscurities of the past. Mr. Robert Steele, in the *Saturday Review*, devotes an article to the subject, in which he says that cards were first mentioned in 1377 by Brother Johannes, a Dominican friar, who wrote a treatise on the game similar to the famous *Game of Chess Moralized*. Before 1400, the popularity of cards was widespread, and gambling became the chief vice of Southern and Western Europe during the century.

What the early suit-marks were we do not know; but we have reason to believe that they were those still in use in Italy: cups, coins, swords, and staves or clubs. There have always been four suits of thirteen cards with three honors in each suit. The only exception to

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this is in Germany in the fifteenth and early sixteenth century, when the suit became king, overknave, underknave, queen, and one to nine. Germany also employed a great number of suit-marks, including bells, leaves, acorns, flowers, birds, and animals, some of which may have been used only in fancy packs. Our suit-marks are derived from fifteenth-century France, though the names of spades and clubs come from the Italian swords and staves. The other two Italian suits, cups and coins, were considered unlucky and their color was changed to red in our game.

The games that were played are also not understood exactly. From an early picture we see the play moving from left to right, according to Spanish custom of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Another Spanish characteristic was that in the two suits of spades and clubs the greater card took the less while in the red suits the less took the greater.

Mr. Steele expresses great contempt for people who attach any meaning or morals to cards. Elaborate allegories of the four states of man or of the prime necessities cannot be inferred with any accuracy; Brother Johannes would have done so if he could.

*

RECENT LITERATURE IN HUNGARY

In Hungary, where politics and literature have always been closely intertwined, the last eight years have left a singularly inchoate mass of literary expression. No true Magyar can write at all without letting his political convictions run away with his critical discernment. Mr. Bela Zolnai, who writes on literary life in Hungary in *La Revue de Genève*, is a case in point. Before the war, there were two rival camps: the old group, drawing their inspiration from the native soil, and the new cosmopolites, Europeanized and Occidental.

When the war came, all eyes turned for a brief moment toward a young soldier-poet, Geza Gyoni; but he died in Siberia. The next and greatest figure was the decadent symbolist André Ady, a disciple of Verlaine and Zola. He prepared the way for communism and regarded the literary revolution as an accomplished fact. During the war, the young pacifist followers of Rolland and Barbusse started a magazine called *Nyugat* (The Occident). But their nationalist and pacifistic dreams did not satisfy the extreme left wing, who produced *Action*, a magazine that cast aside the literature of decadence and replaced it with the doctrine of absolute anarchy and the Third International. But this paper was suppressed early in 1918 and the whole radical group swung over to the *Nyugat*, which became, by the time of the October revolution, the chief literary publication. The only opposing force was the *New Generation*, a nationalistic Christian weekly whose presses soon fell victim to mob violence. The poet Ady died soon after this, saying that the revolution was not his doing. Radicalism reached its peak in 1919, when some of its apostles advocated the hanging of a bourgeois novelist. It is interesting to note that Walt Whitman had several devoted followers in this group.

The collapse of communism was followed by a regeneration of national pride. The leader of this new movement is Désiré Szabo, whose *Stolen Village* presents a beautiful and accurate picture of Hungarian life. Mr. Zolnai's sympathies are obviously with this school; he says nothing about the others except that they are antinationalists. He hopes that the renaissance of national consciousness may parallel the great seventeenth-century awakening

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BOOKS ABROAD

In Single Strictness, by George Moore. London: William Heinemann, 1922. Limited Edition.

[*Morning Post*]

THERE are no characters common to any two of the five stories included in this volume, but the author feels the temperaments of the people in them are so closely related that he looks upon the book as a single narrative divided into five chapters. There is a certain unity in the stories — all of which are new, with the exception of ten or a dozen pages borrowed from *Celibates* — which is more easily felt than defined; perhaps we might say that in each case the hero or heroine has the talent for self-deception developed in such a way that it seems to each possible to create a cosmos of his or her own which shall be self-contained and independent of all generally accepted conventions.

We were never more enchanted by Mr. Moore's style than in reading these five stories. He can make in seven words a picture that cannot be forgotten — as surely as Corot went on painting Corots. Just pause to think what Henry James would have made of these subjects, what ambuscades of words he would have spun about them! And in this volume, more than in any other, we see that Moore is as much a mediævalist by instinct as M. Anatole France is by the research of a long lifetime. Not only do we forgive the eccentricities of printing, which disdain the use of such a modern innovation as inverted commas; we actually wish that all copies of his books were made by the pencraft of monastic scribes.

Macbeth, King Lear, and Contemporary History, by L. Winstanley. Cambridge: at the University Press, 1922. 15*s*.

[*Spectator*]

LARGELY as the result of the fright given in literary circles by the ease with which Macpherson, Chatterton, Ireland, and to a certain extent Bishop Percy, had imposed their forgeries, impious or pious, on the public, the last century saw the domination in Shakespearean and other literary criticism of the very cautious historic research-man, to whom the collecting, verifying, and tabulating of minute morsels of literary association are the chief interest, to whom conjecture is a dangerous pastime and theories of creative art are blasphemy.

However, without the work done by these — to quote the late Sir Walter Raleigh — 'old-clothes merchants of literature,' the new type of critic of which Miss Winstanley is a pioneer would be working in the dark. In this book the author, who is psychologist as much as historian, records for the first time a mass of material bearing on the composition of *Macbeth*, much of which historic research of the old tradition would have ruled out as irrelevant, but which the psychologist must recognize as of prime importance. The account in Holinshed, from which the story of *Macbeth* is in the first case taken, has suffered very important variations, but until now nobody has worked out the influence of contemporary politics on Shakespeare's treatment of this drama, especially the hopes and fears of the nation on the joyful union of the Protestant crowns of England and Scotland. The important bearing of the Darnley murder and the Scottish witch-trials on the play is magnificently presented. Miss Winstanley has made one interesting discovery in a contemporary design from the Record Office. It is a reconstruction of the Darnley murder, in which are depicted a dagger apparently floating in the air as a guiding mark to the murderer, the heavily barred gate on which Bothwell knocked with such fury, and the figure of a child with a broken branch that

> Wears upon his baby brow the round
> And top of sovereignty.

Remarkable new evidence is also given on the sources of *King Lear*. These plays are treated mainly as conscious political symbolism, and an analogy is drawn on this score with Spenser's *Faerie Queene* and its topical references to Elizabeth and the Court. Here is the only point upon which we disagree with Miss Winstanley. It seems to us that great poetry, a title which nobody can deny to *Macbeth* and *Lear*, is not and cannot be the result of mere political propaganda. There must be an emotional conflict of a personal nature behind, working in the unconscious mind, that is translated in terms of this political symbolism. The *Faerie Queene* could never have been written but for the poet's heart-breaking exile in gloomy Kilcolman and its terrible atmosphere of imminent native rebellion, with the distant glories of the longed-for Court always beckoning and always disappointing. A key to the secrets of *Macbeth*, *Hamlet*, *Lear*, and the other great tragedies must be looked for, if anywhere, in the *Tempest* and in the *Sonnets*. Miss Winstanley promises us the politics of the *Tempest* and we are all ears; but surely the whole truth can never come out of what must be the fundamental psychological fallacy of assuming the impersonal and detached composition of true romantic drama.

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It will be interesting to note the reactions of critics to S. Butler's edition of the *Sonnets*, promised in a reissue this winter: it was too strong meat for 1899, but much has happened since.

The Realistic Revolt in Modern Poetry, by A. M. Clark. Oxford: Blackwell, 1922. 2*s.* 6*d.*

An Anatomy of Poetry, by A. Williams-Ellis. Oxford: Blackwell, 1922. 7*s.* 6*d.*

[*Saturday Review*]

PERHAPS there is no subject under the sun concerning which it is more easy to utter precisely contradictory judgments than about poetry. Here, at all events, are two well-equipped critics, whose growth of poetic appreciation must have been fostered by similar conditions and equally quickened by those reactions from the war's splendor and futility which we must accredit to every sensitive mind. Both deal, in effect, with the condition of contemporary poetry. Mr. A. M. Clark fills us with a sense of dissatisfaction with its present and sad doubts concerning its future. Mrs. Williams-Ellis assures us that we are surrounded by the best possible poetry in the best of all possible poetic worlds. There was, indeed, a past to poetry, but the less said about it the better. As for the immediate Edwardian and remoter Victorian past — but there is a limit, considers Mrs. Williams-Ellis, to the subjects of decent conversation.

Mr. Clark's essay, assisted by a large reading of other than English poetry, and for that reason a little impatient of its present distinctive qualities, is extremely suggestive. But that same reading has made his comprehension of other poetry a little hazy. We cannot accept his assertion that 'the United States of the twentieth century is every day becoming more aware of its essential unity with European culture.' This essential unity may, in fact, exist. But nothing is more loudly trumpeted by representative American litterateurs than the absence of this unity. Mr. Clark may be referred to the recent manifesto by the author of *Main Street*. His shortcoming in this direction is again evident in his treatment of Whitman; and a right understanding of this poet is of the last importance to Mr. Clark, because his whole thesis proceeds from the consideration of Whitman as the father of the 'realistic revolt.' For Whitman, despite all his dull enumerations of the mere mechanical facts of civilization, is bound up with Shelley and the older poets by his quality of rapture. It is here that he differs, not at all from his progeny, Mr. Carl Sandburg and Mr. Oppenheim, but from such a poet as Mr. T. S. Eliot, a typical poet of the reaction against Whitman. The affinity in form is overwhelmed by the violent antagonism of mood; for Mr. Elio like his followers, Mr. Osbert Sitwell and th soon-quenched poets of the *Barricade*, are pr eminently the poets of diffidence.

Hellas? . . . Hélas! Souvenirs de Salonique by Antoine Scheikevitch. Paris: Catin, 192

[*La Nouvelle Revue*]

HELLAS? . . . That is Greece, but Greec clothed in the shining mantle that our ancien classic culture draped it with. Hellas? . . . I is the heroic country of Achilles, of Leonidas, o Themistocles, of Pericles, of Alexander. Hellas . . . It is Salamis, it is Thermopylæ; it is bar barity held in check, repulsed; it is civilizatio saved and subsequently flowering into an art o unequaled splendor.

Alas! It is still Greece, but it is the Greece o Constantine. This later Greece M. Antoin Scheikevitch has penetrated with a keen eye; h has divested it of the gorgeous purple with whic our imagination and that of the lovable and lat Denys Cochin clothed it, and it is displaye naked before the perspicacious eye of its judg just as it was during the Great War.

In a rich, ironic style, with here and there half-concealed buffoonery, M. Scheikevitch paint for us the Greece of 1916, almost always wit masterful strokes of his brush, sometimes pre senting it in perfect detail; and, in pliant and well balanced language, he treats his subject with a excellent sense of proportion.

In *Hellas? . . . Hélas!* the reader will find number of brief but sumptuous pictures of Salo niki, so true and so richly colored that they ar reminiscent of Loti's luminous descriptions.

Beside these great dioramas there are admi rable little sketches, satirical portraits done fro life, humorous episodes, and finally — shining, s to speak, from every page — the figure of Greec during the Great War.

All who, like M. Scheikevitch, were in Genera Sarrail's army will want to read *Hellas? . . Hélas!* to refresh the memory of their Salonika experiences. Those, on the other hand, who hav not been there will also want to read this spa kling book so full of life and good humor — bu serious, at bottom, and bitter as one of Molière' comedies.

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